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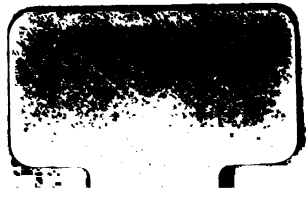

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THE

DOMINICAN;

A ROMANCE:

OF WHICH

THE PRINCIPAL TRAITS

ARE TAKEN FROM EVENTS RELATING TO

A FAMILY OF DISTINCTION,

WHICH EMIGRATED FROM FRANCE DURING THE REVOLUTION.

BY CAPTAIN T. WILLIAMSON,

AUTHOR OF THE WILD SPORTS OF THE EAST.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE

DOMINICAN.

I

PHILIP's features bore testimony to the pleasure he felt in having accomplished his object; he went down stairs in company with Avril, whom he gently rebuked for having endeavoured to dissuade his master from the commendable resolution he had adopted. The African expressed nothing resentful at the censure, but seemed not to approve the earnestness with which the delay had been insisted upon: however, they parted good friends.

Annette was extremely anxious for her father's return, and, when she saw him coming down the street, went forward to meet

him. Philip's satisfactory smile, which she, at some distance, discovered, convinced her that his influence had been successfully exerted; she was overjoyed, and would not let him go until he had told all the particulars of his application to Monsieur Le Brun.

They were yet standing opposite the little rustic portico of the auberge, which nearly fronted the prison gate, when Philip perceived the Count and Monsieur Pierard walking down, the former with his arm in a sling, and supported on one side by his worthy host. Avril walked behind them, carrying in his hand a large stick, which he seemed to have borrowed for the occasion; no doubt under the apprehension of some treachery on the part of the prisoner.

Philip ran over to announce the happy tidings to the Chevalier, and to prepare him for the visit: in his way he acquainted the jailor with what had happened, exciting in him no little astonishment, and raising his vanity considerably; as he made no doubt

but Monsieur Le Brun would reward him liberally, for the severity and neglect with which he had treated his enemy.

Philip entered the cell rather abruptly, and had scarcely time to acquaint the Chevalier of the approach of Monsieur Le Brun, when the sound of his footsteps was heard upon the stairs.

The intelligence fired the Chevalier: he started up, and by a sudden effort overthrew Philip, who, expecting any thing but such an attack, was not on his guard: the Chevalier followed up the advantage, and, placing his knee upon the veteran's breast, exclaimed—"Villain! you have betrayed me!"

Monsieur Pierard, hearing the noise, insisted on the Count's returning; which, with much reluctance, he acquiesced in. Avril darted forward into the cell, and seeing the situation of his comrade, had lifted the cudgel he bore, for the purpose of finish-

ing what he had began at the shepherd's hut, when Philip, exerting his strength, succeeded in relieving himself from his opponent, and in throwing him towards the further part of the cell. By this very seasonable effort, the Chevalier's head was saved from the imminent danger with which it was threatened by the uplifted weapon.

Avril, nevertheless, in the moment of indignation, was preparing to wreak his vengeance on the discomfited prisoner, when Philip seized the skirt of his coat, and held him back; at the same time exclaiming—"Forbear—forbear—he is mad!"

The generous African's wrath subsided instantly, and was succeeded by compassion: he lost no time in raising Philip, who was much bruised by the sudden fall he had experienced. At this moment the jailor entered with one of his men, and, notwithstanding the entreaties and remonstrances of Philip, caused a heavy chain to be fastened

to one of the Chevalier's fetters; the other end being locked to a bolt, high up in the wall, and beyond the prisoner's reach.

In the mean while Avril had followed his master, who now agreed with Monsieur Pierard, that no attention should be paid to the request forwarded by Philip; who certainly would have suffered in the Count's opinion, had the latter attributed his conduct to any other motive than benevolence.

The deplorable predicament in which the Chevalier was placed, wrung the heart of the veteran, who now quitted the cell at the jailor's peremptory command. The poor fellow experienced the keenest anguish in being debarred access to his former commander; he sighed heavily, and finding that no supplication could move the callous heart of the jailor, had recourse to means at which his conscience in some measure revolted, and which greatly offended his pride.

He offered the hardened keeper a bribe!

The effect was rapid: in a moment all was conciliation and courtesy, and the assumed rudeness was changed into servile adulation. The honest veteran in his heart spurned the villain's duplicity, but he knew there was no alternative; therefore, letting the matter have its course, he left the prison, and went to inform his daughter of the dreadful condition in which he had left the Chevalier.

There was a certain frankness in Philip's manner that rendered it impossible for him, at any time, to disguise his sentiments: his open, unreserved demeanour, and his ingenuous countenance, at once disclosed his sentiments; therefore when, from motives of prudence, he informed Annette that she could not attend the Chevalier while he was in such a state of mental derangement, she readily discovered that nothing would please him more than to see her undertake the office of nurse; an office which she was no less desirous to enter upon.

She therefore combated all Philip's objections in regard to her personal safety, by observing, that, being so manacled and secured, no danger need be apprehended. The old soldier would himself have attended the Chevalier; but, after the expression the latter had dropped, it appeared inadviseable to be with him; lest some unpleasant discussion or explanation might arise, and lead to a discovery of the prisoner's real name and rank.

Philip, therefore, resolved on allowing Annette to attend the Chevalier, and promised that she should be introduced to him in the evening: he made no doubt but the attendance, both of himself and of Annette, would be dispensed with by the Count and his lady during their stay at Appenzel; nor of the Chevalier's being consigned to the grave before the party should leave that place.

Thinking it probable that the landlord could give some information respecting

the woman's having quitted the duty she had undertaken; or, at least, that he might disclose something which should lead to the discovery of her present abode, the veteran invited him to partake of the little dinner Annette had prepared: but it was in vain that questions and inuendos were put; the host knew nothing more than what he had before stated; unless, indeed, that on the first morning after Philip had left Geselbach she appeared extremely agitated, wept bitterly, and seemed to be in great distress of mind. Yet she did not relax in her attentions to the prisoner, who was extremely ill on the morning when she first attended him.

Philip immediately concluded that she was affected at the melancholy scene, and had retired on account of the apprehensions she doubtless entertained, of the Chevalier's doing her some mischief during the paroxysms of his complaint: he did not blame her; though he suspected that, with proper at-

tendance, the case would have proved more favourable.

While they were sitting at dinner, a small close carriage stopt at the gate of the prison: the jailor was called; he instantly attended, and seemed to shew great respect towards the person who was in the vehicle. After a little conversation, the latter descended into the court.

He appeared to be a very old, infirm man, nearly bent double with age; his large grey beard flowed in ringlets down his breast, and he wore over his shoulders an immense cloak of grey camblet, which completely concealed every part of his dress.

Supported by two of the people belonging to the prison, he proceeded to its interior; the jailor following in the most submissive, obsequious manner. The venerable appearance of the visitor struck Philip forcibly: he asked the landlord if he knew who it was.

"I am not positive," replied he, "but I

doubt not that it is Monsieur Rosier, who is superintendant of the prisons in the canton of Appenzel; and, in general, makes a tour every quarter to inspect their state, to see that the prisoners are treated with humanity, and have no cause of complaint."

"An excellent regulation, and worthy the adoption of all nations," said Philip: "but, alas! the accused rarely find an advocate; much less a protector!"

The old soldier was curious to know how the inspector performed his duty, and was determined to be present when he should be in the Chevalier's cell. This he was the more intent upon, because it appeared probable, that, being in such a state of derangement, the prisoner might act in so wild a manner as to occasion orders being given for recourse to severer measures; while it rather appeared, that the treatment the Chevalier had already experienced was, in addition to the contusion on his head,

sufficient to have induced the most violent symptoms of delirium.

Urged by that philanthropy which was inseparably his companion, Philip walked over to the jail: he had arrived at the foot of the stairs, when, as he was about to ascend, the jailor called to him from an opposite cell, saying, that no person was to go up until the holy father should have finished his duties.

"Holy father! is it not Monsieur Rosier that is with him?"

"No," rejoined the jailor, "it is his confessor."

"His confessor! Pray what is his name; and whence comes he?"

"You seem mighty curious," said the jailor, "but I fear you will get little information from me; for all I can tell you is, that the driver of his chaise states him to be the superior of a monastery of Benedictines, somewhere in the canton of Zug, but I forget the name of the place."

Philip was not satisfied, but waited a full hour until the priest descended, which, owing to extreme infirmity, he did with great difficulty; in fact, he was carried down the stairs, and replaced in his vehicle, by the attendants of the prison.

In passing through the portal, his countenance was fully displayed to Philip, who could not, however, recognize him; notwithstanding he was keenly bent in ascertaining whether, or not, it was the Dominican. Philip was rather satisfied to the contrary, and lost no time in repairing to the cell of the Chevalier, whom he found in a very different state to what he had left him in that morning. Satisfaction seemed to glow on his cheek, and to illume his eye; while his whole demeanour was gay and cheerful. But there was no detaching him from the subject of religion; on the beauties of which he launched out in the most extravagant terms: he talked with rapture of the absolution he had re-

ceived, and told Philip, that the father who had just quitted him, and was extremely skilful in the art of medicine, had promised him that, by an early hour the next morning, his soul should be freed from mortal incumbrance, and wing its way to heaven.

"Philip, I feel my life fast ebbing; recovery is impossible; my disease defies the art of man; but I am happy: I am transported with joy! Alas, alas! sinner that I have been——but——the morrow will terminate my crimes and my sufferings!"

The old soldier, thinking the case beyond remedy, was rather pleased than grieved at seeing the Chevalier in such a happy state of mind, and totally divested of that incoherency which had burst forth in the morning: but he was rather on his guard, being determined not to undergo a repetition of the attack he had experienced, notwithstanding appearances were so favourable. His conversation chimed in exactly with the prisoner's thoughts, and both

seemed to enjoy that subject so highly respected among Christians at all times, but especially when about to quit their earthly frames.

Philip was a strict catholic, a perfect moralist, and could detail the miracles performed by various canonized relics as well as many of those abbots, and brothers, who pride themselves on the powers of their respective tutelars: he did not let slip the opportunity for expatiating on the merits of faith, and the happiness of dying in a state of purification.

True, Philip, you say right; 'tis that which makes me so cheerful, and has eased my mind of an enormous weight that hitherto oppressed it, in consequence of the horrible excesses in which I have latterly indulged. My confessor assures me that tomorrow I shall be numbered with the dead; and has promised that in the morning he will attend, accompanied by some brothers of his monastery, to celebrate a mass, and

to administer the extreme unction. Imagine, my friend, my worthy, inestimable friend, imagine what comfort I have received; imagine the happiness that awaits me!

There was something ghastly in the countenance of the Chevalier, something so scintillating in his eyes, which seemed at times to flash with fire, that Philip made no doubt of the confessor's prediction being verified. Under that impression, he asked various questions relating to the Chevalier's affairs; promising to fulfil, to the best of his power, whatever instructions might be confided to him: but it did not appear that his services could be of any avail; the Chevalier stating that he was a bachelor, free from every incumbrance, and that any little matters relating to his funeral would be punctually attended to by the father confessor.

Philip staid some hours with his friend, who, notwithstanding the hilarity which generally prevailed, was at times absorbed in

thought: at such moments the transitions from stern, impassioned expression, to that of exultation, were rapid and frequent: these Philip made no doubt proceeded from the anticipation of heavenly beatitude, and that the bursts of fury, to which he had been subject, had given place to that calmness, or rather to that gratifying reflection, in which he Chevalier now appeared to delight.

Considering the danger to be past, he resolved that Annette should forthwith attend the Chevalier; who expressed himself in the most grateful terms for the kindness intended him: he would, however, have declined giving the girl that trouble, but her father insisted upon it; saying that they would both attend him, sitting up by turns, so as to render the short remainder of life as little exposed as possible to want or inconvenience.

The day was closing in apace, when Philip again walked up to Monsieur Pierard's:

his master was sitting at the window of an apartment that looked into a garden, at the back of the house. Seeing the old man approaching with another petition most legibly written in his countenance, he smiled, and shook his head in a very significant manner.

"You made but a sorry business of it this morning, Philip; and yet I am a bad physiognomist if you are not come with some new absurdity on the part of that madman: but let me hear what you would have."

The veteran felt encouraged by the Count's manner, and in a few words told him the whole state of the case; declaring that the rejection of his petition, for Annette to remain with him at Geselbach until the prisoner should be interred, would render him truly miserable.

His master rallied him on the folly of such an attachment, which he deemed a mistaken, or, indeed, an ill bestowed act of

humanity: he pointed out to him the impropriety of appearing to take an active interest in the concerns of a man who had so behaved towards himself; and concluded with cautioning him not to become the dupe of one who had proved himself to be totally devoid of principle.

"If, however," added the Count, "you are determined not to follow my advice, do as you please; I fear you will have cause to regret your obstinacy: nor can I help thinking that there must be more in the affair than is offered to my consideration."

Philip assured the Count, that nothing but his feelings could induce him to act in opposition to the sentiments of so good a master: he then retired, and, having taken leave of Avril, who would have dissuaded him from the course he was following, went back to the auberge, for the purpose of taking Annette over to the prison; in which the jailor, influenced by the douceur

he had received, consented that they should remain during that night; though in so doing he subjected himself to severe censure, or, eventually, to dismission from his office.

Philip found his daughter in tears, greatly alarmed, and attended by one of the landlord's nieces. On his inquiring the cause, she desired the young woman to retire, when she stated, that, during his absence, she had walked a little way out of the town towards the bridge; that having turned the corner of a long wall that skirted the road, she ascended a rising ground, from which she could indulge in a beautiful prospect over the extensive and fruitful vale of the Tokenburg, when she saw a person approaching from the opposite side of the eminence.

It appeared to be a woman, habited in rather an unusual manner, and with a large cowl thrown over her head. The stranger, as she advanced, kept her face concealed,

and having now come close to Annette, who was so terrified that she could not move, placing one hand on her shoulder, and raising the other as in the act of accusation, in a hollow tone, and with great slowness of delivery, thus addressed her.

"Mark well my words.

"This night,
Shall bring delight!
To-morrow,
Shall bring sorrow!"

Having said thus much she turned round, and before Annette could recover herself sufficiently to demand an explanation of the prophetic warning, for such she considered it, the woman had gained the borders of a thick wood, which for many miles skirted the impetuous Thur, the rising of whose waters had so nearly caused the destruction of the Count's party.

Filled with wonder, and greatly alarmed at what had happened, Annette made the best of her way back to the auberge, and

had scarcely time to throw herself into the first chair that offered, before her senses fled: the host was fortunately sitting on a bench outside the door, and, observing her agitation and the paleness that had superseded her usual glow of health, ran to her assistance, and by his timely arrival prevented her from falling to the floor.

However extraordinary the circumstance appeared, Philip was far from disposed to treat it seriously: he was not one of that superstitious tribe who attribute every thing, that does not carry its own explanation, to supernatural agency. But it was not very easy to dissuade Annette from such a belief; she could not conceive it possible that any mortal would have addressed her in so strange a manner, and had made up her mind not to enter the prison, until the period so emphatically announced might elapse.

There now arrived at the auberge an old man, leading a mule, on which sat a young

woman, of about eighteen years of age: they asked for a night's lodging, but were answered, that all the apartments, nay even the very stables, were occupied, in consequence of a market being to be held the next day: the disappointment was great, and the parties were about to retreat, when Annette, a ppening to hear them in conversation, was struck with the voice of the girl: forgetting her cares, she started up, and on proceeding towards the door, instantly recognized the hospitable peasant of Rheinach, with his lovely daughter Eloise.

The joy she felt at this unexpected meeting cannot be described; she ran to the mule's side, and embracing her kind little friend, assisted her to alight; declaring there was ample accommodation, both for herself and for her father.

Annette was in ecstasy. She led them into the apartment where her father was sitting, and acquainted him with the obligations she was under to them, for their kind

and humane treatment on the night when she was so near being drowned. Philip said but little; but that little gave his guests to understand, that gratitude, rather than loquacity, was his characteristic; and that he felt more than he could communicate.

If ever the veteran had entertained the smallest doubt regarding the veracity of Annette's memoirs, it was now completely banished: he had before him two indisputable evidences regarding one incident, which, in his mind, seemed to corroborate the whole narrative: he was further strengthened in his conviction of its truth by the account the old man gave of others of the party: he stated that several persons, whose description corresponded exactly with Annette's detail, had crossed the lake on the day she left his house, and proceeded to Rheinach in search of her. Finding she was safe, they had taken the road to St. Gal; having with them a carriage, which

had been furnished by the post-master of Lindau.

This was an additional cause for Annette to become cheerful: she inquired particularly after the youths who had first discovered her at the river side, and was informed they were in health, and probably would arrive in the course of the next day, with a cart containing various articles to be disposed of at the market.

"This," said the old man, "is the first time for seven past that we have ventured to bring our produce hither: during that period, the roads have been so infested by the banditti which harbour to the southward, that none dared to travel by night, even in large companies, lest they should fall in with some of Raymond's parties. But you have them snug locked up here, I understand, and now we may go on as formerly."

"I wonder," said Eloise, "what became

of the gentleman and his wife, who he took from their cottage under the oak."

The old man sighed—"Ah, Eloise, they were good souls; all the country felt their kindness: but I suppose they were murdered; for no one has ever been known to escape from the den of that monster."

Annette's curiosity was highly excited: the manner in which Monsieur and Madame Vaison had been agitated, on finding themselves at a spot which corresponded so exactly with Eloise's description, and the very extraordinary circumstances they were under at the fortress, led her to ask whether, or not, the persons they alluded to, as having been carried off by Raymond, followed any particular profession?

The old man answered, that the gentleman was little known; that he arrived at the cottage seemingly not very rich, and desirous of concealment; that they lived with great parsimony, but always had a mite to bestow on the poor. He added, that, a

short time after their arrival, one of their children, a girl about nine years of age, died, and was buried close to the cottage.

This convinced Annette, that the doctor's family had taken refuge at the place where the ruins were seen under the oak; and, that the monument was erected in memory of their daughter. She was proceeding to interrogate the old man closely, thereby to ascertain all the circumstances, when a message was brought from the jailor to announce that the prison gates would be closed in a few minutes; and, that if Philip and his daughter intended to pass the night there, it would be necessary for them to be over quickly; else they could not be admitted.

This intelligence occasioned some bustle; Eloise was anxious to learn the cause of Annette's sleeping in the prison, but no time was to be lost; therefore, after settling that Eloise should occupy Annette's share of the bed, in which she was accommodated by the landlord's daughter, and that the

old man should sleep on the truck which Philip had hired, the party separated, each promising to communicate a thousand interesting particulars the next day, so soon as opportunity might offer.

Philip and his daughter hastened over to the prison, in which the latter no sooner found herself, than she called to mind what had been said by the woman on the hill. It immediately occurred to her, that the promised pleasure had been realized in the arrival of Eloise and her father: this confirmed her in the opinion of something awful being at hand; and, that the next day would bring forth some event, destructive to her happiness.

She would willingly have returned; but her father pointed out, that, the prison gates being now locked for the night, it was impossible to recal the assent she had given; also, that, if it were otherwise, she could not be accommodated at the auberge; her bed being resigned to Eloise.

Annette therefore yielded to necessity; and, with a heavy heart, followed her father up stairs. The gloomy passages, and the distant lamps, added to the precautions every where apparent for the prevention of escape, made her tremble: her heart sunk, and she was next to insensible when they arrived at the door of the Chevalier's cell.

Philip tapped as usual with his finger, but no answer was given: he tapped again; still all was silence. The door was not closed, but stood a few inches open; so that whatever stirred within might be distinctly heard. Not being able to distinguish even the sound of respiration, the veteran gently pushed the door, thereby to admit his head; that he might see whether or not the prisoner was asleep.

The Chevalier was, to all appearance, in a dying state: he lay on his back, his eyes fixt, and his pallid countenance indicating, by the contraction of its muscles, and the stare of the eye, that the spirit was on the

point of deserting the flesh. The old soldier sighed, and turning to Annette, told her that all was over: that the prisoner was in the agonies of death!

"But," added he, "while there is life, there is hope; let us chafe his temples, and give him a little wine; possibly his strength may be restored, and he may yet recover."

They entered the cell very cautiously, and seated themselves on opposite sides of the bed, for the purpose of fulfilling their kind intention. In doing this, Philip had placed himself in such a situation as to observe the Chevalier's face, while the light shone fully on that of Annette.

The Chevalier, who only slumbered, was awakened by the operations of his attendants, and, turning suddenly towards that side on which Annette was sitting, instantly recognized her features. Starting up in the bed, and thereby exposing his countenance to the light, he threw his arms around the lovely girl, who at the same

moment, perceiving him to be her husband, sank into his arms, devoid of sense.

The veteran was alarmed; he attributed the Chevalier's actions to delirium, and the fainting of Annette to apprehension. He therefore struggled to separate them, but without effect. His astonishment increased when he saw that the Chevalier behaved to her with the utmost affection and tenderness; while she, as her senses returned, clung to his embrace; and, with the most expressive fondness acknowledged the extacy she experienced in again beholding her husband, her adored St. Hilaire!

It has already been shewn, that, after reading the memoir, Philip had entertained some suspicions of Annette's having been married to the Chevalier; but he had completely given up that idea, and was confident that the reputed Raymond was not the person she had characterized as governor of the fortress; consequently his surprise was great: a thousand reflections ob-

truded, and he was, for a while, bewildered by the chaos they created in his mind. He saw before him the officer under whom he had served, whose life he had saved, and in whose defence he was crippled.

On the other hand, he considered him as an atrocious ruffian, who had attacked and wounded his benefactor: but that atrocious ruffian was the husband of his beloved Annette! It is difficult to say whether he rather wished the death, or the recovery, of the Chevalier: the former would save his honour; but the latter would render his daughter happy.

While this conflict was passing in his breast, the Chevalier and Annette were enjoying the transports naturally attendant upon such a meeting; but those transports were far too powerful for his weakened frame to support; he again sank on the bed, and, for a while, seemed to have lost all animation. Annette wept; she was in despair; and accused Heaven of injustice,

in restoring her husband in such a state, and under such circumstances.

The Chevalier, as his powers returned, heard her lamentations, and placing his finger upon his lips, to intimate the necessity for caution, lest they should be overheard, urged her to restrain her sorrow; that his sufferings were drawing to a close; that it was indispensably necessary, for her own safety, that she should appear not to know him; and, that, whatever might be her feelings, she should endeavour to conceal them from all persons, whether within the prison, or about the town.

This was imposing a heavy task upon a young woman, who, after being torn from the man she loved, and in whose honour she reposed the utmost confidence, had so unexpectedly found him borne down by sickness, and laden with irons! But she endeavoured to summon her fortitude, and to obey his injunctions.

Philip would willingly have asked a thou-

sand questions, all important to his peace of mind, but he felt it incumbent on him to refrain from whatever might fatigue the Chevalier; who appeared quite exhausted, and at length fell into a doze, from which the veteran barely entertained the hope of seeing him revive.

The patrole, which regularly visited every cell hourly during the night, now entered. He found Annette sitting with her little apron over her eyes, and unable to suppress her grief. Philip was standing by the side of the bed, rather leaning over it; as though watching the Chevalier's respiration.

Seeing the patrole, who was not very ceremonious in the manner of performing his duty, Annette started: Philip looked up, and made signs to the visitor to tread with caution; lest he should disturb the prisoner in his last moments. The man stood still: he seemed to view the Chevalier with more compassion than Philip expected, from the

specimen he had had, to find within the walls of a prison.

Such was the effect on the veteran, that he slowly moved round the foot of the bed, and advancing, on tip-toe, to the patrole, asked if the jailor was yet retired to rest? Being told that he was not, he desired the man to lead him to the jailor's apartment: they retired together.

In the mean while, Annette in silence, save those frequent bursts of sobbing she could not control, contemplated the features of her dying husband. His manly countenance was reduced to a mere skeleton; his full, rich, piercing eye, was sunk into the hollow socket, seemingly unconscious of its former powers; the ruddy glow of health had vanished, and left that melancholy tint which seemed to announce the near approach of death; his hair, which was wont to flow in ringlets, gracing his elevated front, was lank and pendent.

Annette drew from her pocket a small pair of scissors, the gift of him for whom she grieved, and with them severed a lock which seemed to offer itself to her notice. Notwithstanding the delicacy with which she possessed herself of the memento, the Chevalier was not insensible of her proceedings. He gradually opened his eyes, and directing them so as fully to meet hers, smiled complacently, as though to thank her for the kindness.

The lovely girl kissed his pallid lip, and folding the stolen token in a slip of paper, placed it next her heart!

Philip was absent some time; at last he returned in company with the jailor, and an assistant bearing a small leather bag. The latter approached the foot of the bed, and, by direction of his superior, removed the chain, and took the fetters from the Chevalier's feet.

The veteran's heart leapt with joy when he saw the limbs divested of their odious

and oppressive confinement; while Annette springing from her seat, and kneeling for the purpose, applied herself to encouraging in them that circulation, which could scarcely be said to reach the extremities.

The jailor beckoned to his assistant to retire: the latter obeyed.

"You will recollect, Mr. Philip, that the irons were not removed until he was dead: you understand me?"

"Certainly," replied the veteran; "you may depend on my prudence."

During the rest of the night nothing material occurred: the Chevalier appeared, in general, to slumber; and his friends forbore from conversing, lest they should disturb him. Philip indulged in a variety of speculations; intending, when his friend should expire, to see every attention paid to his remains; but doubtful whether it would be proper for Annette to attend as a mourner.

She, poor girl, passed the night in sor-

row; her mind agitated by the recollection of former events, and unable to stem the full tide of affliction which now threatened to overwhelm her. Neither father nor daughter closed their eyes; and the jailor found them, when he paid his morning visit, nearly in the same situation as when he had left them.

"Is he dead?"

"No," replied Philip; "he still breathes."

"Then we must replace the fetters."

"Not for the world! he is now insensible, and cannot hold out for many minutes."

"At all events, Mr. Philip, we must preserve appearances; therefore let the chain be brought down under the bed-clothes, so as to make it appear that the fetters are on."

That being accordingly done, the jailor retired; satisfied that he ran no risk of discovery; while Philip and his daughter rejoiced, at having been successful in preserv-

ing the Chevalier from being disturbed during his last hour.

The market-place now began to fill: owing to the depredations of the reputed Raymond's gang having been suspended ever since his imprisonment, great numbers resorted from all quarters, bringing with them the produce of their several districts. Hilarity smiled on every countenance; while every tongue was busy in offering congratulations on the general release from danger, and on the restoration of intercourse.

In this state of the public mind, it may readily be supposed that the arrival of the superior, attended by a number of monks, for the purpose of administering the extreme unction, and for celebrating a mass for the repose of the departing spirit, was viewed rather as an object of exultation: therefore, when the procession arrived at the prison gate, a general murmur of thanksgiving, for their effectual deliverance, ran through the crowd; nor was it without

some exertion, on the part of the seniors among them, that they could be restrained from breaking out into open and indecorous demonstrations of joy.

The venerable superior was, as before, conveyed up stairs; the choir in the mean while chaunting the hymn usually performed at that awful moment, when the ethereal spirit quits its cumbrous frame. Their notes were in that plaintive mood which awakens compassion, and inspires the heart with the most sublime ideas; yet were they scarcely audible.

As the superior was ushered into the Chevalier's cell, Philip made a sign to his daughter to retire, but she peremptorily refused to accompany him: declaring her intention to remain to the last moment. The superior, admiring her resolution, though ignorant of the cause, counselled Philip not to press her quitting the apartment; the veteran therefore went down into the court-yard, and proceeded to Monsieur Pierard's

for the purpose of taking leave of his master; being informed by Avril, who was attracted by the procession to the prison-gate, that Monsieur Le Brun was about to enter the carriage, which had been for some time at the door.

They accordingly hastened their pace, and Philip gave a full account of the state in which the Chevalier then was: his manner of describing the sufferings, and the religious fortitude, of that unhappy man, overcame the Count; who expressed himself highly pleased at the humane attention shewn to him by the old soldier and his daughter. The Countess, not possessing so much sensibility, experienced less emotion; but she felt happy at the idea of having engaged a young woman of such a benevolent disposition, and from whose assiduity she expected, in the hour of sickness, to derive great comfort and advantage.

Avril ascended the box, and the new

postilion mounted the leader; the Count and his lady, for Robert was yet at Appenzel, adjusting every thing for the reception of the family, took their seats: Philip, as he put up the step, pronounced a short, but fervent, prayer in behalf of his benefactors; and, as they drove off, made an obeissance replete with humility, respect, and gratitude.

The Count was considerably recovered; and felt little or no inconvenience from the motion of the carriage, which proceeded at an easy rate along an excellent road for about a mile, when on arriving at the angle where two ways branch off, the one to Appenzel, the other to Mayenfield, suddenly a number of horsemen, completely armed, and covered with large brown cloaks, sallied forth from a little coppice on the right of the latter road, and surrounded the carriage.

The Count, if he had been prepared, was not in a condition to use his weapons, and

against so many it was in vain for Avril and the postilion to contend: all, therefore, were obliged to be passive.

The door of the coach was opened, and the step let down by two of the party, who causing the Count to descend, instantly mounted him on a spare horse; at the same time a bugle was sounded by one of the banditti; the call was repeated by another between them and the town; while the response of a third was faintly heard, and seemed to proceed from Geselbach.

The calls having been answered, the troopers galloped off, taking with them the Count, who had not only a melancholy prospect so far as related to himself, but experienced the additional misfortune of leaving his lady totally devoid of sense. She had fainted; and it was in vain that Avril endeavoured to restore her, by means of some water he brought in his hat from a small rill that meandered through the meadow on the left.

The worthy African's assiduity proving ineffectual, he ordered the postilion to turn about, and to gallop back to Monsieur Pierard's. Accordingly they returned at speed, towards Geselbach, from which they perceived the market-people running in all directions, and in the greatest consternation. Many of them called to Avril, cautioning him not to enter the town; but, as he thought the worst was over, and knew that his mistress required immediate assistance, he was deaf to their counsel.

Just as the carriage was entering Geselbach, Avril perceived on the left, about a mile or more distant, a large body of cavalry crossing a plain between two hills whose sides were clothed with arborage: they slackened their pace, in the mean time sounding a bugle, which was answered by another, not far distant on their left; when, almost immediately, another troop was seen to join the larger force.

Having effected the junction, the whole

moved off at speed; and, except that, now and then, one or two of the troop could be distinguished passing between the trees, nothing further was seen of them.

A single horseman was observed, mounted on no very fleet steed, galloping after the banditti: Avril immediately knew it to be Philip, who seemed to be using his best endeavours to urge his horse in the track of the larger body of cavalry; which had to appearance been in the town.

Avril drove up to Monsieur Pierard's gate, which he found closed; Monsieur Pierard, and all his servants, were at the windows of the upper story with arms in their hands. Seeing the coach return, that gentleman instantly descended, and lost no time in opening the gate.

It is impossible to describe the scene which now presented itself. In the carriage lay the Countess seemingly dead; at the door of the vehicle stood Avril, whose tears and exclamations evinced the anguish he suf-

fered; as for Monsieur Pierard, his faculties were, in a manner, benumbed: he stood motionless, his eyes fixed on the poor lady, and horror depicted in every feature.

After a short pause he recovered, as from a dream, and with the aid of Avril, and his own domestics, conveyed the Countess up to the chamber she had formerly occupied. Every means was used to revive her, but without the smallest effect; she was completely insensible; and, though the vital spark was not extinguished, there appeared but little hope of her restoration.

Under such pressing circumstances, Monsieur Pierard, notwithstanding he never had performed such an operation, ventured to open a vein in the Countess's arm: he succeeded so far as to draw blood, but it was not until she had been placed in a warm bath that any quantity was obtained. She was certainly saved by the experiment; she breathed more freely, at times sighing heavily; many hours however elapsed before

she could use her limbs. Unfortunately, the event had made so deep an impression on her mind, that her intellects were completely deranged; requiring two persons to be always at hand, to restrain her during those raving paroxysms to which she became extremely subject: at intervals she was silent and melancholy; or at times weeping, and lamenting the fate of her lost husband.

The accounts Monsieur Pierard collected from various persons, who were eye-witnesses of what passed, convinced him that the plan for rescuing the prisoner, and seizing the Count, must have been laid for many days; and, that some persons about Raymond must have been privy to the intention. His first enquiries were at the prison, where he found the jailor at the point of death; he was, however, able to give the following particulars before he died.

He stated that, during the celebration of a mass in the cell where Raymond was lying to all appearance dead, a bugle was

heard to sound at some distance on the road towards Appenzel, and that it was answered by one at the prison gate. That a number of persons who had brought vegetables, fruits, and other commodities, for sale, in panniers slung over their horses, and who had assembled near the prison gate, on hearing the bugle instantly threw off the panniers, and casting away their clothes, mounted, and formed a body of armed cavalry, which was soon recognized to belong to Raymond's gang.

In the mean while, the pretended superior, and his holy brethren, divested themselves of their disguises, and proceeded towards the lower court, taking with them both Raymond, and his second Reignier: the former had had his irons taken off at the instance of Philip; but some little delay arose in striking off the fetters of the latter. The whole gang were soon mounted, and formed a circle around Raymond; who was

scarcely able to sit on a pillion behind one of his men.

But what seemed highly extraordinary was, that Annette accompanied them without much hesitation; though she was in tears, and often called for her dear father.

The jailor added, that, feeling it to be his duty to oppose the rescue, so far as laid in his power, he ran down to the grated door of the jail, and, after turning the lock, threw the key through the grating; hoping thereby to create delay, and to give time for the towns-people to assemble. He then drew his sword to defend the passage; but its narrowness, and the lowness of the arch, prevented his using it with any effect.

In that situation, one of the banditti advanced upon him with a half-pike, which entering his right side, caused him to fall instantly. At the same time, the key was returned by one of the party, who, being on the outside, had seen the jailor throw it

into the court: the grate was opened, and the whole, in number about an hundred and twenty, made the best of their way out of the town.

On further enquiry, it was found, that, when the bugle sounded at the prison gate, Philip was standing on an ancient ruin, to the eastward of the town, from which he could see the Count's carriage for a long way. Hearing the alarm, and seeing the market folks flying in confusion, he ran towards the prison, but arrived too late: seeing the banditti galloping off to the southward, he instantly saddled his horse to pursue them. He had been seen to follow the road by which they had quitted Geselbach; but it was not to be expected that his individual efforts would be of the least avail.

"Ah! Massa Pierard," said Avril, "him Philip not make good! What for he talk him so to Massa, and want him make stay more long? What for him make so kind to him

thief man? What for him make him daughter go to make see him robber rascal? What for him not go wid massa on coach? What for him make galloppy, galloppy, after him man what come take away him great villain? What for him daughter go wid him Raymond? God know, Massa Pierard, how much him Avril love him Philip, how much him make glad when him Philip happy! but dis not good—now me tink him robber man and him Philip all one.—If him Philip not make jailor man take off iron from Raymond leg, den how Raymond run away? how him mounty horse? No, no, Massa Pierard; him Philip and him robber man all makee one?'

Monsieur Pierard was forcibly struck with the arguments so rapidly produced by the faithful Avril; and, however much he strove in his mind to attribute what was thus detailed to mere accident, or to the effect of ill-bestowed kindness, yet he felt unable to confute such substantial reason-

ing: he had entertained a great partiality for Philip, and was extremely averse to adopting any opinion which might be to the veteran's disadvantage. But the more he reflected on the train of incidents, and considered the earnest importunity with which Philip had made application to his master, the more did he feel disposed to admit that which Avril was so eager to impress upon his belief: at length, after full consideration, he gave up Philip's cause, and no onger hesitated in pronouncing him guilty.

Such was the state of his mind when the wounded officer, who had from his window witnessed what passed at the prison gate, ventured, notwithstanding his extreme weakness, to walk up to Monsieur Pierard's mansion. He was received in the handsomest manner; and, on his part, returned thanks most emphatically to that gentleman for the great kindness he had experienced ever since he had been wounded. The object of his visit was to learn the

cause of the coach having returned; which he no sooner heard, than he subsided into a chair, quite overcome with grief and surprise.

Avril did not fail to recapitulate all the particulars; he dwelt forcibly on the great kindness of his master, and the manner in which his confidence had been grossly abused by Philip. But neither the pointed accusations of the African, nor the opinions of Monsieur Pierard, had any weight with the young officer; who was so firmly prepossessed in favour of the old man, that nothing short of ocular demonstration could have induced him to doubt the propriety of his intentions; whatever construction his conduct might bear in the minds of others.

His incredulity was placed to a natural, but not to the right, cause. His opponents hinted at his partiality for the cloth; and Avril, in pretty round terms, observed, that if a poor black man had done half so much,

he would have been led to execution without mercy.

The young hero smiled at the insinuation: he did not feel that the remark applied to himself; therefore, without noticing it in any way, he proceeded to deliver his firm opinion in regard to Philip's principles: he stated the manner in which the medal had been refused; and reminded them of the gallant style in which the old soldier had contributed to the defence of the shepherd's cottage.

Avril tenaciously maintained his position; and, in reply to the arguments used by his opponent, observed, that men were not the same at all times; that in the defence of the cottage personal safety was, no doubt, the motive; and, that the rejection of the medal was probably an artifice, used for the purpose of leading to a high opinion of his honour and integrity. He further remarked, that it was evident Raymond had made Philip some offer, too

[illegible] a just [illegible]

[illegible] to [illegible] with the [illegible] which had [illegible] the [illegible] when Philip was [illegible] the [illegible] conviction [illegible] the whole affair [illegible] circumstances which, [illegible] establish the fact, [illegible] the parents of Louise and her [illegible] with [illegible] Lamette's story in [illegible] with them at Rheinach, [illegible] from the enquiries [illegible] from Lamette, and seeing [illegible], were of opinion that she was [illegible]

[illegible] lastly, the jailor [illegible] that he took off the fetters, in consequence of a [illegible] received from the [illegible] night [illegible] then:

there seemed to be a deal of whispering between her and her father; so I thought it as well to listen a bit: it was only now and then I could make out what she said; but she talked a deal about being happy at night, and sorry in the morning. I could not tell then what it meant, but it's now clear enough what it related to."

This was a triumph to Avril, who had the satisfaction of seeing Monsieur Pierard fully convinced of Philip's guilt: the latter lost no time in sending off a horseman to Robert, and in offering a reward for the apprehension of any person concerned in the affair. The old soldier was separately particularized, and a large sum set upon his capture: so assured, however, was the young officer of the poor fellow's innocence, that he declared himself willing to pay the stipulated premium, whenever it should be proved that Philip was, in any [illegible]mplicated in the escape of Raymond.

[illegible]s dark before Robert arrived from

Appenzel: his first enquiries were regarding the health of Madame Le Brun; the answer filled him with sorrow and anxiety. He had on the way received some confused account of the rescue, and of the seizure of his worthy friend, from two persons who were conversing at a little cottage, where he had stopt for a few minutes to refresh himself and his horse; the weather being extremely sultry. What he there heard was so marvellous, that he would have been led to hope matters were not so bad as had been represented; had not Monsieur Pierard's letter, which he received just as he was mounting in consequence of a report circulated in Appenzel, that the chief Raymond had been carried off by a large party of his banditti, fully authenticated the melancholy tidings.

Monsieur Pierard intimated his suspicions that Philip was a principal agent in the attack; but the youth was unwilling to join in the impeachment of the gallant soldier:

"Let us," said he, "forbear to criminate a man who has so gloriously served his country, and whose whole demeanour strongly controverts so foul an imputation. He is absent; therefore cannot defend himself; but my conscience satisfies me, that Philip is no more guilty than myself."

The officer was highly pleased to find his own sentiments so resolutely maintained by the young champion, whose generous conduct filled him with admiration: from that moment the greatest cordiality subsisted between them; paving the way for the most firm and affectionate attachment. Actuated by the same motives, possessing the same principles, and nearly of an age, they seemed to vie in the display of those kind offices and civilities, which evinced their mutual regard.

We must leave matters in this state at Geselbach, in order to view the state of affairs in other quarters; they now demanding particular attention.

It may be recollected, that at the time when Avril was hurt by the falling of his horse, the Dominican had concealed himself among the crags, on the side of the road leading from Corbiers to Thun; and that, after placing the senseless African in the chaise, he had disappeared.

It immediately occurred to the priest, that pursuit would be made; and, that if he continued on his way towards Thun, he could not fail to be overtaken.

Being completely acquainted with the country, and rarely travelling without a map in his pocket, he was not long in determining what was to be done; but, without loss of time, directed his steps towards the abbey of Saint Dennis, embosomed in the valley of Gryers; where he knew that his cloth would insure him an asylum; besides, the secluded situation of the place rendered it highly improbable that any search would be made for him in that quarter: he further considered, that not being charged with

any offence, it was scarcely to be supposed, that a very minute search would be made for him.

A lay-sister received him with great politeness: having shewn him into the conservatory, and offered him refreshments, she sent to announce his arrival to the superior of a small chapel founded in honour of Saint Dennis.

The superior instantly attended; and, after the usual benedictions, conducted the Dominican to the dormitory of his establishment; when, having seen that he was provided with every thing necessary to his accommodation, he left him to his repose.

The Dominican assisted at the matin service, after which he was about to depart, when the superior offered to shew him many of the curiosities of the place, and to accompany him to a spot from which he could view the surrounding country for many miles. Considering it probable that the Count would move on that day towards

either Friburg or Berne; and, that, in such case, his carriage might be distinguished as it proceeded along the road, which in many parts was exposed to view; the Dominican assented, and accompanied the venerable pastor to the summit of a hill not far from the convent, whence the eye was presented with an almost boundless horizon.

Under pretence of admiring the beauties of the place, he continued to detain the superior for many hours; at times lavishly praising the situation of his abode, or entering upon religious subjects in so devout a strain, that his conductor was charmed with his conversation.

Not seeing the carriage, the Dominican would gladly have retired; for he concluded the Count had set off at a very early hour; and, that there was no danger of overtaking, nor indeed of meeting with, him at any inn, since his own way would lay principally among the mountains, wide of the

carriage-track; but the superior pressed him so earnestly to stay, and to partake of the dinner prepared for the brothers, that he was at length compelled to acquiesce.

It was past mid-day when they returned to St. Dennis; the repast was ready, and the whole sat down to a long table in a spacious cloister, where they had the advantage of enjoying the freshness of the air, without being incommoded by the glare of other edifices, or by the sun's rays. On the north side was a large window, beautifully ornamented with stained glass, representing the figure of the tutelar saint; it afforded a view into a spacious garden, surrounded by a high wall, and advantageously laid out in walks, bordered with various ornamental and fruitful trees: it appertained to the convent; of which the sisters were allowed to walk within it's area.

After dinner the superior led the Dominican into the garden, which contained many valuable medicinal plants, extremely

rare: the former was busied in selecting various slips and seeds, wherewith to supply his guest, when a message was brought from the abbess, that prayers were about to be put up for their unfortunate sister, who had quitted the convent, some months before, in a state of derangement; and for which purpose a sum had been received shortly after, from an unknown hand; together with the account of her having died in France, and of her being buried by the side of a near relative.

The whole brotherhood accordingly attended, forming a small, but most interesting, procession to the chapel: they found the sisters prepared to join them in the celebration of a mass for the soul of the deceased.

The querulous notes ascended to the throne of mercy, while each heart was warmed to the recollection of their lost companion's virtues, and each eye was moistened in commiseration of her fate. A requiem,

such as might lull angels to rest, and which seemed to pervade the sisterhood, softly mingling the pains of memory with the hope of future bliss, closed the ceremony.

The nuns retired to their respective cells, and the monks returned in solemn silence to their dwelling. The superior, however, remained with the Dominican, and conversed with the lady abbess, through a large richly ornamented screen of gilt metal. The matron appeared extremely affected by what had passed; and wiping away a tear that stood ready to start from her eye, exclaimed, "Poor soul!"

The superior sighed, raised his eyes fervently to heaven, and applying to a rosary, composed of olive-stones, that was suspended from his girdle, silently prayed for the lost sister.

The Dominican enquired regarding the circumstances of her fate.

"She came hither about ten years ago, in the most deplorable state, and claimed

the protection of our institution: all she would state was, that having been unhappily married to a man of loose principles, who would have made her an accomplice in his crimes, and who she feared had destroyed her brother, it was her resolution to take the veil."

While the lady abbess spoke, the Dominican appeared greatly agitated; his countenance was alternately flushed and pale, his eyes were lowered to the pavement, and his whole appearance indicated confusion and alarm.

"You no doubt pity the poor creature?" said the abbess to him; "I see her sufferings touch your heart."

The Dominican made no reply.

"It certainly is strange," said the superior, "that we never have been able to ascertain the residence, nor even the quality, of her husband!"

The Dominican groaned, and threw his cowl over his head. The superior and the

abbess exchanged looks, in which surprise and consternation were equally blended.

" You are ill, father; allow me to lead you——".

The Dominican heaved a sigh: gradually raising his head, and clasping his hands, he exclaimed, " Poor Marguarite!"

" What; you knew her then?"

" Yes, father; she was my ——"

He could say no more; but, overcome with faintness, a cold dew standing on his forehead, and his pallid lips in a convulsed state, sank into the arms of the superior, who, allowing him to recline against a pillar that supported the roof, hastened to call some of the brothers to his assistance.

In the mean while, the abbess was not less affected: it was with extreme difficulty she could summon two novices to her aid, before she was completely bereft of sense. In that state she was carried to her apartment, where being visited by the monk who acted as physician to the institution, she

was pronounced to be in extreme danger. The physician directed that a messenger should be instantly dispatched to father Gregoire, her own brother, then almoner to a monastery at Corbiers.

The Dominican, though heavily oppressed by the disclosures which had mutually been made, was not long before he recovered sufficiently to require no further assistance: he retired to the dormitory, requesting that no one might be allowed to disturb him.

The whole convent were plunged into the deepest affliction by the condition of their abbess, who was unable to state the cause of her sudden illness: a thousand questions were put to the superior; but he declined giving any explanation on the subject: his replies were all evasive, and generally attributing the abbess's malady to her remembrance of the nun, in whom she reposed the greatest confidence, and who was to her more dear than any female re-

lative. All were lost in conjecture; for they plainly perceived that their visitor, the Dominican, was, in some way or other, connected with the misfortune under which they suffered.

Towards the close of the day father Gregoire arrived, accompanied by the person who usually prescribed for his brethren: nothing could exceed the good man's grief on finding his sister in so very deplorable a state; yet he endeavoured to collect fortitude to resist that affliction which must attach to the loss of one so highly estimable for her numerous and splendid virtues: a woman adored by those under her charge, and considered by the neighbourhood, who ever experienced her good offices, as justly entitled to be registered among the holy army of saints.

There appeared little hope of recovery, and all seemed prepared for the worst: a mournful silence generally prevailed; unless when interrupted by the solicitous que-

ries of those who affectionately sought for intelligence regarding their friend and guide; or of those whose responsive sighs seemed to banish hope, and to announce her approach to dissolution.

Convinced that his presence was rather a restraint than an aid, and that nothing could be done to rescue his sister from the grave, father Gregoire, after having passed several melancholy hours at her bed-side, considered it necessary to perform those sad offices which are usually reserved to the last moment. The whole of the nuns attended, and joined, with lowly murmur, in offering up their prayers for the admission of their beloved sister into the realms of eternal bliss.

The reverend almoner now retired to consult with the abbot respecting what had been disclosed by the Dominican; who, he doubted not, might be induced, by proper means, to divulge all the circumstances relating to Marguarite; of whose history it

appeared certain he must be well informed. The matter, however, required much delicacy; for it was doubtful whether, or not, he was the man from whose iniquitous practices, and persuasions, she had fled.

The abbot described the manner in which the Dominican had been affected in such pathetic terms, and seemed so much interested for him, on account of the strain in which he had expatiated on the beauties and comforts of religion, that father Gregoire was extremely desirous to see him. He called to mind, that a religieuse, of that order, had attracted the attention of his friend the Count; who was about to state some circumstance relating, no doubt, to the same individual, when the lay-brother had summoned him to attend the abbess.

These considerations caused him to entertain an anxious desire to see the Dominican; but when the abbot stated, that the latter had enjoined the brothers not to allow any trespass on his privacy; and, that the

lateness of the hour was noticed, father Gregoire consented to defer his visit until the morning; when he hoped to induce the Dominican to afford some information relating to the unfortunate Marguarite, and especially to point out where her remains were deposited.

Father Gregoire passed the greater part of the night in attending his sister, whose complaint was far from abating: a raging fever had supervened, and there did not appear the slightest chance of her living: the physician watched her with the utmost solicitude, and adopted every means within the scope of art to give her relief. A gloom reigned throughout, while each expected every moment to hear the fatal annunciation. None of the sisters rested; all were in attendance, and prompt to afford assistance in whatever manner their services might be required.

The abbot awoke at his usual hour, and, having laced on his sandals, repaired with

cautious steps to the grate which separated the monastery from the cloisters of the convent: he waited until some person might appear.

The first who entered the cloister was the physician, whom he interrogated respecting the condition of the lady abbess. The answer given was by no means satisfactory; it implied a total absence of hope, and led to the expectation of her speedy demise.

In a short while father Gregoire appeared: he was intent on visiting the Dominican and, on the grate being opened by a lay-sister, took a lamp, and, accompanied by the abbot, proceeded through the confectory of the monastery, towards the dormitory, whither the visitor had retired the evening before.

They knocked at the door; no answer was given: they called; but with no better success.

"He sleeps sound," said the abbot.

"Probably," replied father Gregoire,

"he has rested but little, and has only recently fallen asleep: let us not disturb him."

"Nay," rejoined the abbot, "the matins will soon commence, and it is fit he should attend."

The abbot opened the door, which, notwithstanding his precautions, grated on it's hinges.

"Gently," said his companion, "awaken him not too suddenly; his mind is disordered, and he may be alarmed."

The Dominican was gone!

On a small oaken table, that stood under a grated window, was an old nail, which had evidently been drawn from the wall, and been used to scratch these words:

"We shall meet again."

The abbot was astonished, and father Gregoire sorely disappointed: he had anticipated the satisfaction of learning all that related to the unhappy Marguarite, whose invariable silence upon every topic connected with her history, previous to her taking the

veil, had led the sisterhood to believe that some very extraordinary circumstances attached thereto: they had now began to cherish the hope that every point would be elucidated by the Dominican; consequently, they felt, more than ever, eager to know the cause of her seeking an asylum, under the auspices of Saint Dennis.

"We shall meet again," repeated the abbot: "that may be; but, if to be thus fooled, 'twere better *not* to meet again."

"There is something more in this, than meets the eye," said Father Gregoire: "this slippery Dominican, who knows so much, yet tells nothing; who excites such lively interest, yet foils our keenest research; I say, this Dominican must be the husband of the injured Marguarite."

"I observed," said the abbot, "that his countenance underwent a variety of changes, all indicative of confusion, of guilt, of despair, when our beloved sister stated the cause of Marguarite's retirement

from the world. His manner betrayed his conscience: he was appalled; and, but that his tongue refused obedience, would, doubtless, have disclosed a multitude of sins.

"But the day dawns, and I hear the matin bell; let us retire: possibly we may, at some future time, be provided with a clue to unravel this mystery.

"The Dominican has left a notice that 'we shall meet again;' we therefore have yet a prospect of being furnished with an explanation; not that I am disposed to be sanguine on that subject after the manner in which he has eluded our curiosity."

They were about to quit the apartment, when Father Gregoire's eye was attracted by something that glistened on the floor, close by the foot of the bedstead, on which the Dominican had lain. It was an agnus, beautifully cut out of a piece of agate; and appeared to have been suspended round the neck of some person, by a small piece of ribbon, which had given way.

"Know you to whom this appertains?" said Father Gregoire.

"Not to any of the brothers," replied the abbot. "Assure yourself this has been unwittingly left by the Dominican: let us preserve it carefully; who knows but it may lead to some discovery. This agnus is extremely ancient, and so singular in many respects, that, when once seen, it must be recognized."

They now joined the monks, who were assembled, and had prepared for the morning service; which was performed, with the addition of a prayer for the lady abbess: that rite being finished, Father Gregoire was proceeding towards the grate of the convent, when the physician entered the cloister, and, with inexpressible joy, gave him to understand, that his sister's fever had considerably abated.

"Have you any hope of her recovery?"

"Certainly; I already perceive that the medicine has succeeded; her pulse is more regular; she breathes more distinctly, and

her skin is disposed to soften: trust me, father, that your excellent relative will by noon be considerably relieved."

The prediction was verified: by mid-day the lady-abbess was restored to her senses; and when the vesper chaunt resounded through the vaulted aisle, the monks joyfully offered to the merciful disposer of events, a hymn expressing their gratitude for the favour shewn towards their inestimable sister.

The preceding night had been passed in awful suspense; but this was ushered in with joyous thanksgiving: the lady abbess was so far recovered as to be able to converse on religious topics; and would, indeed, have indulged in enquiries regarding the Dominican, had not she been enjoined to forbear from a topic which had already caused so much mischief.

During the course of the evening, the abbot suggested to Father Gregoire, that, possibly, the sisters might know something of the agnus; but, on enquiry, none had

ever seen, or heard of, such being in the possession of Marguarite: of course, the fathers concluded that it never could have appertained to her, and it was given in charge to Father Gregoire, to be delivered to the Dominican, in case he should claim it.

The lady abbess being completely out of danger, Father Gregoire took leave of her in the most affectionate manner, and causing the physician to remain, in case of relapse, returned to Corbiers, where the intelligence of his sister's recovery diffused joy throughout the chapel.

The Dominican had retired to the dormitory merely for the purpose of evading explanation, and with the intention to abscond, so soon as the monks should be assembled to perform the evening service. At that time, he softly descended the steps; and was about to pass through the wicket, when, perceiving a lay-brother, who officiated as porter, he returned, and threw himself on the bed.

He heard the gate locked; when, being

apprehensive that it would not be practicable for him to escape during the night, without alarming some of the brothers, of whom many were not disposed to rest, or were doing penance, he judged it best to wait till the morning; when it would be in his power to go abroad without being noticed.

At times he slept, but started at short intervals, and awoke to all the horrors of reflection: hearing the clock strike the hour of three, he descended with extreme caution, and, approaching the gate, found that the lock had been turned, but that the key had not been removed.

Seeing a lamp burning in the porter's cell, he contrived, by means of a crozier which stood in the corner, to extinguish it: this he did, lest the lay-brother might be disturbed by the unlocking of the door, and, on seeing him, give the alarm.

But he might have spared himself the trouble; for the honest fellow, being accustomed to pass the night without interrup-

tion, was by no means watchful, and remained perfectly unconscious of the manœuvres of the Dominican; who, having opened the gate, made the best of his way towards Moudon, where he arrived in a few hours, and immediately visited the old school-mistress.

After the usual salutation on her part, in return for which she received his blessing, the Dominican desired that Paulina might be called.

The dame informed him she was not at home.

"Then send for her."

"That is not so easy," replied the good woman; "she is gone to Corbiers, and I know not who would go so far without being handsomely paid for it: you know our harvest is begun, and folks don't like to be called off to run of messages."

"You seem to treat the matter with great indifference; but I must insist on your immediately producing Paulina."

"You may insist on what you please, father, but that won't move me a jot: here you bring a girl to me, God knows from where, or for why; and after making me believe that she is your daughter, all of a sudden, without rhyme or reason, disown her. You set her heart all of a fret, and gave me the colic with vexation, and now, forsooth, after casting us on the world, come to claim the poor thing again. But that day is gone by. Providence makes nothing to be lost, and has supplied my darling with a friend, who has already given us earnest of what he means to do: to speak plain, the girl has found her father without your help."

"Found her father, say you?"

"Aye, and as handsome a man as e'er I set eyes on. He was here a short two hours after you left us, and did quite the genteel thing. He came in his coach and four, with a mulatto-man coachman, and all so in high stile: I warrant me he's a grandee of the first blood!

" Well, lack a daisy me, that I should have been such a dolt as not to know the child could not be your's. How could the poor babe be the daughter of an old Dominican; of a man who, if he were to kiss a woman, would be guilty of one of our most mortal sins, and must go to hell without any one saint in the whole calendar daring to speak a word in his behalf.

" No, no, father, Paulina is none of your's; she is in better luck than that comes to. She has got on her very best Sunday's clothes, and is gone to a gentleman who knows all about them matters, and will see that every thing goes right. So, father, I must wish you a good day; for my scholars are now waiting, and I an't in the humour to waste my time about such trumpery nonsense!"

Saying this, she retired into her school-room, shutting the door after her, in a manner which corresponded with the dignity

she had assumed, since her supposed discovery of Paulina's parent.

The Dominican was struck with amazement, when he heard that the gentleman who arrived in the coach, which could be no other than the Count's, had acknowledged himself to be the father of Paulina: as to the latter part of the beldame's rant, that was virtually unheard by him; his whole attention being absorbed by the very strange circumstance above noticed.

He was, however, anxious to know what conversation had passed, and for that purpose would have gladly flattered the school-mistress into good humour; but she preserved a profound silence, not deigning to make any answer when he called to her.

Judging that nothing could be effected at that time, the father retired, and, proceeding into the town of Moudon, made enquiries regarding various matters relating to Paulina; who he found had, as the old wo-

man stated, actually proceeded very early that morning to Corbiers; for which purpose a mule had been borrowed of a carpenter who was remotely connected by marriage to Estella Mascanier, the school-mistress.

Having received instructions where to find the artisan's house, the Dominican lost no time in resorting thereto: the man was not at home; he had left Moudon about an hour before, and it was supposed that he had proceeded to St. Dennis, to finish some repairs at the monastery.

He enquired regarding Paulina; when she left Moudon? who went with her? whither she was gone? but he received no satisfactory answer; the unvaried reiteration of "don't know," being all the reply given to his questions.

The Dominican was puzzled; he was alarmed: the possession of Paulina's person seemed to him a paramount consideration; he resolved on proceeding to Corbiers,

and to claim her wherever she should be found.

The circumstances relating to the Count, and Avril, occasioned some little hesitation; but he conceived it impossible for any persons in the town to recognize him. The muleteer had passed on, the post-boy was too much frightened to know any thing of his person, and there appeared no danger in the measure he was intent upon from any other quarter, within his knowledge: he therefore determined upon repairing to Corbiers.

Father Gregoire had been returned about an hour from St. Dennis, when it was announced to him, that a young woman had brought a letter, which she was to deliver to him in person.

The good man instantly went into a confessional chamber, to which he directed she should be admitted: he made no doubt but she was some unfortunate girl, who had been led astray from the paths of virtue, by the arts of seduction; and, that, after an avowal

of her transgressions, she intended to take the veil under the lady abbess, his sister.

The supposed penitent made her appearance: the almoner was struck with her beauty, and with her innocent, but highly interesting, countenance; the features of which appeared perfectly familiar to his memory, though it did not occur to him, that he had ever seen her before.

The letter being delivered, and its contents perused, Father Gregoire desired the maiden to take a seat. He eyed her attentively; and, after some little time, during which his mind seemed to be greatly occupied, retired from the confessional, closing the door after him.

In about a quarter of an hour, Father Gregoire returned: Paulina arose from her seat when he entered, but was desired to resume it: she complied.

The priest asked her a variety of questions; to which she gave answers with the utmost *naiveté*, and so remarkably distinct,

and perspicuous, as to raise her much in the opinion of her friendly interrogator.

Her description of the manner in which the Count had received her, and his assurance, that she was not his offspring, were delivered in such pathetic terms, that the priest was extremely affected.

He had his doubts on some points: for when he compared her age with the date of the Count's absence, while he was making a tour throughout the continent, it seemed by no means improbable that Paulina might have the truth on her side.

"How long is it since you saw your mother?"

Paulina sighed: "Oh, father, too long, too long!"

"Have you no recollection of the date? Cannot you form any estimate of the interval which has passed since you saw her?"

"The school-mistress tells me I have been with her about ten years; that I was brought to her by the same person who was

my reputed father, and who two days ago called to undeceive me. My heart tells me he is not my father; but it claims for a parent that gentleman who stopt on his way to this place."

"That, Paulina, may be the effect of imagination; we should, however, come nearer to the point if you could speak more particularly regarding your mother. Do you remember her features?"

Paulina's eyes glistened; she seemed to be inspired. "Remember her! Oh, father, how can I ever forget her! she was all mildness, all kindness, all affection, towards her little Paulina!"

The poor girl held down her head; her tears flowed; and her heart seemed ready to break, while she described the good qualities of her parent!

"Alas! she is no more, and Paulina is left an orphan on the wide world!"

"What kind of a person was she? Was she tall, or short; fair, or brown?"

"How shall I describe her! She was an

angel! tall and graceful; fair as the lily; but the canker of care had destroyed the rose which once adorned her cheek. When in private, she gave a loose to sorrow; and moistening my cheek, as she fondled me in her arms, lamented that day which gave me birth!"

"What was the cause of her sorrow?"

"That I cannot particularly state: probably she thought it unsafe to confide the occasion of her grief to one of my tender years; but, from her being always unhappy after conversing with her father, it was natural for me to conclude, and indeed she often expressed, that he was the principal source of her affliction!"

"What became of her?"

"Heaven knows! suddenly she disappeared: search was every where made for her; but in vain: from that time I never beheld her."

"Her name?"

"St. Hilaire."

The priest started: he gazed for some

time at the innocent Paulina, seeming to examine her features with particular attention.

"St. Hilaire!—It must be so! Say, daughter; did your father and mother reside together?"

"Yes; from my earliest memory, to the day on which she disappeared."

"Nay, daughter, that cannot be."

Saying this he opened a small closet, and taking out a collection of manuscripts, turned them over until he came to one which he opened, and ran his eye over, with seeming eagerness and anxiety.

For a few moments he appeared to reflect on the contents: then, waving his head, as indicating a negative to her claim, put by the papers, and shut the closet.

"The Count cannot be your parent."

"The Count! what Count?"

"The person whom you saw at Moudon. He was, for a great part of the time you refer to, in Italy: for two years, of that pe-

riod which corresponds with your account, he was, to my certain knowledge, in Languedoc: besides, I never heard him speak of any offspring, which, as he possessed a most ingenuous mind, and that I was his father's confessor, he certainly would have confided to me, if in existence. But we may possibly in time trace your parents. Had you any relations?"

"None but an uncle; my mother's brother: but he——"

Paulina's tears choaked her utterance; she sobbed aloud, and seemed to be in agony at the remembrance.

"Has he too disowned you? speak! nay, be comforted; you shall not want a friend! —Fear not, Paulina; dry up those tears, and think no more of such a monster."

"Oh! father, call him not a monster; my good, pious, kind uncle was no monster. Alas! his unsuspecting temper caused his ruin: he fell by the hands of an assassin!"

The priest was not less affected than his visitor; he forbore from questioning her farther at that time, but leaving her for a while, returned with some refreshments, of which he urged her to partake.

Nevertheless, he was extremely impatient to be further acquainted with the particulars of Paulina's story; though, in deference to the state of her mind, he restrained himself; intending to obtain a complete insight gradually, and by such indirect questions as might leave her the latitude to avoid answering them, should she think proper.

"Your father, if I mistake not——"

"My father! speak; say what, where, who is he?"

"I mean, daughter, the Dominican, who——"

"Nay, I will not admit the term: he cannot be my father."

"How long have you known that Dominican? Did you ever see him before he conducted you to Moudon?"

"Often: 'twas he of whom my mother complained; yet to me has he ever been kind."

"Do you know his name?"

"He is called Father Anselmo."

"What was your mother's maiden name?"

"I know not."

"Nay! you surely can recollect your uncle's name!"

"Oh yes, father; we called him Emanuel: he used to sign his name Emanuel Fourche."

"Holy God!" exclaimed the priest, as he started from his seat; "Holy God! Emanuel Fourche!—Sure, 'tis a dream! —Poor soul!"

The priest again seated himself; his eyes fixed on Paulina, and his features betraying the interest he felt in her welfare. He was revolving in his mind the satisfaction his sister would experience, in having under her roof the relative of one whose fate she had so often deplored.

At length, a sudden gleam of recollection seemed to flash across his mind: he again examined the lines of Paulina's countenance with inexpressible earnestness.

The poor girl felt under considerable embarrassment; she was at a loss to account for the emotion displayed by the priest; who, after a while, appeared more composed, yet was evidently disappointed in some object of research.

"He cannot be your father, Paulina; and yet——. How long is it since——? no; that cannot be."

Paulina's eyes were rivetted on the priest's countenance: she expected to have heard him state some matter tending to elucidate the late events; but was, however, far from receiving that satisfaction: Father Gregoire appeared to be so bewildered in his thoughts, and so incoherent in his expressions, that she could not guess even at the purport of his half-uttered sentences.

The priest tapt at a little window, which

was concealed by a green curtain; in an instant a lay-brother announced, at the door, that he was in readiness.

The priest called for pen and ink; they were instantly brought, and a note was penned, of which Paulina was to be the bearer.

In the mean while, a mule was made ready; and the lovely orphan, attended by an elderly monk, proceeded toward the convent of Saint Dennis.

Towards the close of the day, the Dominican arrived at Corbiers, and repaired without loss of time to the little chapel; whose brotherhood, he doubted not, would be ready to afford him refreshment and lodging; and among whom he expected to gain some intelligence, regarding the gentleman to whom the school-mistress had consigned Paulina.

No sooner had he made his wishes known, than it was announced to the purveyor, that a holy brother needed refreshment: it was tendered to the guest; who, having satis-

fied his appetite, was conducted to an apartment allotted to the reception of strangers.

"Could I not have the pleasure of seeing the superior of your institution?"

"No; he has been for some days absent; but our pious and beloved father almoner would, no doubt, feel much happiness in being honoured with your society."

"Have the goodness to announce me to him."

The lay-brother repaired to the confessional, in which Father Gregoire was engaged with a penitent. No sooner had he concluded that duty, than the desire expressed by the Dominican was stated.

"A Dominican! Know you who he is? or whence he comes?"

The lay-brother could give no satisfaction on either point; but he described the visitor so accurately, that the priest had little doubt of its being the same person who had eluded his visit at the convent: he, therefore, desired, that the Dominican might be con-

ducted to a small grotto, which stood in a very retired situation in the extensive garden ranging along the back of the chapel, and bordered to the south by a stream, dividing the sacred domains from the rich meadows of Corbiers.

Father Gregoire had scarcely seated himself on a rustic bench near the entrance of the grotto, before he saw the lay-brother at the back gate of the cloister, with a light in his hand, directing the Dominican towards him.

The priest eyed him, as the light displayed his features; but he had not the smallest remembrance of the stranger: he felt, however, greatly interested in his favour; for his mien and gait were forcibly impressive: they seemed so truly religious as to challenge accusation, and to command respect. It was not easy to distinguish much of him as he advanced; but father Gregoire thought he perceived strong indications of great talent, quick comprehension, and a settled

melancholy, by no means natural, but resulting from the vicissitudes of fortune. He rose from the bench, and advanced a few paces to welcome the Dominican; whose humility and deference contributed to confirm the favourable sentiments his first appearance had created.

The lay-brother had now withdrawn into the cloister, leaving the lamp suspended in a niche close by the gate: the distant light occasionally darted its rays upon the countenance of the Dominican, who was on that part of the seat nearest to the buildings: while Father Gregoire was completely shadowed by the opposite side of the grotto; which stood obliquely between him and the lamp.

The conversation at first turned upon spiritual subjects; each forbearing to enter upon that topic nearest at heart: the Dominican panted for intelligence respecting Paulina; and Father Gregoire was no less

desirous to learn the motive of the monk for seeking an interview.

The Dominican complained of fatigue: he had travelled far that day: Father Gregoire advised him to retire to rest.

"My mind is ill at ease," answered the former, "and I should in vain seek repose."

"Misfortunes attend the most virtuous," rejoined the priest; "yet, methinks, that one of your disposition could find a solace in religion; in the contemplation of nature; in the contemplation of the stupendous works of the Almighty; and in the contemplation of his unbounded beneficence."

The Dominican sighed! he was silent, but the rays of the lamp struck on the humid offspring of his eye, and exhibited a countenance deeply corroded by mental oppression. The worthy almoner sympathized in the sorrows of his guest; and, with eager solicitude, offered his aid towards their alleviation: the Dominican was not insensible of the kindness.

"I have lost my peace of mind," said he: "there is an inward monitor which, when my prayers are offered up to heaven, checks every hope, and humbles me to the dust. Years of contrition, ages of repentance, will not obliterate the deadly stain."

"Nay," resumed the almoner, "chase away such thoughts: they become not thy calling: Need I remind, that, to all who truly repent, and turn from sin, the heavens are open? Need I urge the truths of those doctrines which, no doubt, are well known to you? Or, need it be brought to your memory, that through the means of our divine Mediator——"

"Oh, father, your words convey no comfort: *my* sins——"

"Speak, brother, what are those sins! impart the cause of your grief; and, in the bosom of our holy brotherhood, strive to banish those cares which prey upon your very existence."

"It were in vain, father, to recount the

incidents of my past life: it would be to detail an infinity of errors: but the most immediate of my cares arises from the loss of a daughter, whom I have for many years placed in retirement; that she might avoid the iniquitous designs of a man whose every thought is profane, and whose every act bears the stamp of villainy."

"Your daughter, say you? Heavens! how will the sight of her rejoice you!"

The vesper bell had for some time been sounding its shrill summons; but so intent were the holy friends on the subject, which interested them deeply, that it was not until the cloister gate opened, and the lay-brother, attended by a monk, were advancing towards the grotto, that Father Gregoire recollected he was trespassing on the regularity of his associates. He started up, and, desiring his guest to follow, made the best of his way towards the portal of the cloister; where the light was still hanging in the niche. On arriving at the gate, Father

Gregoire waited an instant; that the Dominican might move up to his side, and enter the cloister with him: the latter did so, at the same time raising his eyes towards those of the almoner, seemingly to acknowledge the civility.

At that moment their countenances were mutually exposed to observation: the Dominican no sooner distinguished the features of his companion, than he stopt short: he was struck motionless for a moment; but quickly recovering from that state, exclaimed, "Gregoire!" and turning round, rapidly made towards the bottom of the garden.

The priest followed, so soon as the surprise, created by so very extraordinary a proceeding, permitted: he hastened after the Dominican, who, regardless of danger, threw himself into the stream; which carried him swifty round a point overgrown with willows, and hid him from his eager pursuer.

It was in vain that search was made; no tidings could be obtained of the monk's fate.

Finding it was of no avail to make farther enquiry, and unhappy under the idea that, possibly, the Dominican had sacrificed his life by an imprudence for which no cause could be assigned, Father Gregoire returned to his chapel, where the vespers were performed with unusual fervor: the whole brotherhood were greatly moved by so extraordinary an incident; and, on being informed by the almoner of what had happened at St. Dennis, all unanimously concluded it must be the same individual; who, no doubt, had become deranged in his intellects, in consequence of a disturbed conscience: under that impression, a prayer was offered for his safety, and for the forgiveness of his sins.

Father Gregoire's mind was in too perturbed a state for him to derive any benefit from rest during that night: he was busied

in the endeavour to recal to his memory where he could ever have seen the Dominican; who obviously recollected him, but of whose features he had not the most distant recollection: yet the good man could not divest himself of the idea of having, at some remote date, either seen or conversed with him; but the time, place, and occasion, were utterly rescinded from the mental tablet.

While ruminating on the subject, it occurred to Father Gregoire, that he had never written to his friend the Count; he therefore resolved, as the Dominican seemed to know something of him also, to send off a letter the next day, relating what had happened, and enquiring regarding the birth of Paulina.

He accordingly arose earlier than usual the next morning, and stated all the particulars at length; concluding with a most earnest injunction, that the Count should disclose to him whatever might relate to that

unhappy girl; who would, in the interim, be safely retained, under his own sister's charge, at St. Dennis.

A difficulty, indeed, arose in regard to the Count's address, and the exact route he was following: concluding, however, that he must pass through Constance, and that a feigned name would be no longer necessary, the priest directed his letter, "To the Count de St. Hilaire, at the post-office, Constance."

The whole of Corbiers were employed in dragging the river for the Dominican's corpse; but that operation proved both useless, and unsuccessful; for he was an expert swimmer, and speedily gained the opposite bank; whence, favoured by the clouds which heavily yielded to the wind, and obscured the moon, he lost no time in following the course of the stream upwards: rightly conjecturing, that, if any pursuit were made, it would be along its descending course, towards Friburg.

Proceeding in that manner for about an hour, he suddenly found himself close to those romantic woods which so beautifully encircle the rich and flourishing manufactories of Gryers.

Knowing that he was now within a mile and a half of St. Dennis, whence he had, only that morning, so clandestinely retreated, and, that, if he were to be seen by any of the inhabitants of Gryers, notice would be given to the monks; he resolved, notwithstanding his weariness, to proceed to Lausanne; there to take advantage of one of the many carriers, always to be found on the great road leading through Granson, Soleure, and Zurich, towards Constance, and St. Gal.

This resolve was immediately put in practice: and he was so fortunate as to find at Lausanne a spare mule, returning in charge of a carrier from Lausanne to Soleure; whence he obtained further conveyance to Baden; from which he proceeded on foot to

St. Gal; arriving there on the morning of that day when Philip had delivered to him the letter from the Chevalier.

In the mean while, Paulina had been received by the lady abbess in the most affectionate manner; but the latter forbore to interrogate her, respecting the cause of her retiring to St. Dennis; probably, in consequence of Father Gregoire having written that it was an affair both of mystery, and of delicacy; and, that, so soon as the duties of his office might allow, he should walk over to the abbey for the purpose of consulting her on the subject.

There was something peculiarly attractive in Paulina's manner, as well as in her countenance: the former was dignified and graceful, but, at the same time, perfectly easy; the latter was beyond description expressive, and at once interested every beholder. The nuns seemed to vie in kind offices towards their young companion, and the lady abbess was quite charmed with, and sympa-

thized in the sorrows of, her amiable *protegé*.

Gradually Paulina recovered her spirits, and displayed great animation; tempered however with such urbanity and decorum, as evinced both the excellence of her disposition, and the extreme care that had been taken in regard to her principles: she was devout, without hypocrisy; gay, without levity; and discreet, without affectation.

The third day after Paulina had been placed at the abbey of St. Dennis, the letter which Robert had written from Thun, giving an account of the duel in which he had been engaged, arrived at Corbiers: seeing whose hand-writing it was, the worthy Lorrain anxiously opened, and read its contents.

He was extremely concerned, and lost no time in consulting Father Gregoire, in regard to what should be done. Until that moment the latter was ignorant of Robert having accompanied the Count; but so soon

as made acquainted with that circumstance, he congratulated his friend on the excellent hands into which the youth had fallen.

"Make yourself easy, son; the lad is with a man who will not only guide him safely through this unpleasant affair, but will be to him both a firm friend, and an excellent example. I know the Count well: he was baptized in these arms, and educated under my own care: assure yourself that Robert is highly fortunate in making such an acquaintance."

"You mistake, surely, father; he is not with any Count, but with Monsieur Le Brun; of whom he writes in the most grateful terms."

"True, son; I had forgot: my friend's name is Le Brun."

Nothing happened for several days, worthy of notice, until one morning, as the almoner was about to proceed on his intended visit to his sister, a man was brought into the town, who appeared to be at

the last extremity: he had been severely wounded, and repeatedly expressed a wish to receive absolution. A message was accordingly sent to the chapel; where Father Gregoire was standing outside the portal, giving directions to the lay-brother regarding some matters to be attended to during his absence.

So soon as the worthy priest received the message, he instantly followed its bearer to a ruinous cottage on the skirt of the town; where he found an elderly woman in deep distress, with several children around her in tears.

After the usual salutation and benediction, the priest was led into a small back room, where the wounded man was lying in a corner on a bundle of straw; his head supported by an earthen vessel, by way of pillow: all within the habitation indicated extreme poverty.

The dying man made a motion with his hand, expressive of his wish to be left in

private with the almoner: the old woman retired.

After looking stedfastly for some time in his face, the priest asked, "Is not your name Chaunet?"

The poor fellow was overcome; he turned aside, and gave vent to a flood of tears: recovering a little from the confusion which overwhelmed him, on finding himself recognized, he seemed, but with considerable diffidence, to scan the lineaments of the priest's countenance: at length, he clasped his hands together, looked fervently towards heaven, and closing his eyes, as though abashed, yet in wonder, in a faint voice, and with extreme agitation, exclaimed, "'Tis him!"

Both were for a while silent; the priest was affected by the situation in which he beheld a former acquaintance; while Chaunet was overcome with the most lively remembrance of former occurrences, in which that man, whom Providence had ordained should

receive his last confessions, had been principally concerned.

The priest went to the door, and beckoning to the old woman, enquired if Chaunet had any friends in the neighbourhood? he received for answer, that she knew of none; that she had received his wife and children as lodgers about a year before; and that on the demise of the former, who had been interred at her expence, the babes were left entirely on her hands; for she had never received any remittance for their support, nor heard what was become of Chaunet until that hour.

"Send your neighbour to the chapel, to require that Father Baudin repair hither instantly with medicines and instruments, that he may assist our unfortunate friend: haste!"

Chaunet had now become tolerably composed; he was in much pain, but endeavoured to suppress his corporeal anguish, under the pleasing hope of relieving his mind by a disclosure of his sins: he felt

peculiarly happy in seeing, during his last moments, one to whom he was under great obligations, and who it was necessary should be acquainted with many particulars of his life.

Summoning a sufficient degree of fortitude to commence a desperate struggle with a variety of recollections, which seemed to rise up in judgment within him, and nearly compelling him to silence, Chaunet beckoned to the father, and pointing to the wound in his side, whispered to him to approach.

The priest seated himself in a position favourable to the implied intentions of Chaunet, and, taking the hand of the latter, enjoined him to an open avowal of his trespasses; he pointed out to him the benefits of dying in a state of perfect contrition, and at peace with all his fellow-creatures, in such forcible terms, that the poor fellow seemed transported with extacy.

Fixing his eyes on the priest's forehead, on which a large scar was very conspicuous,

he asked, "Do you know who inflicted that wound?"

"No, son; 'twas given by the hand of an assassin, who escaped unseen: his intention was frustrated by the divine interposition: I forgive him!"

"Do you?" exclaimed Chaunet wildly; endeavouring to raise himself: his strength failed him, but he drew the priest's hand to his parched lips, and, as he bedewed it with his tears, kissed it in seeming rapture: the exertion overcame him; for a minute, or two, he lay nearly deprived of sense; on recovering, the priest asked how long he had suffered under the wound, of which he complained: it was the third day.

"How and where did you receive it? Speak, son; nor fear to confide to me those errors from which your misfortunes have sprung. — What—still silent? Nay, take courage; the worst is over: recollect, that it requires more fortitude to commit a sin,

than it does to repent of one. I clearly perceive you have been wounded in a bad cause."

Chaunet groaned piteously; he again endeavoured to rally his spirits, and, after some hesitation, his eyes down-cast, and his lips convulsed, made an effort to discharge his conscience from a heavy burthen imposed on it, by the manner in which he had passed his latter days.

"Father, this wound was received in the service of the celebrated Raymond, whose numerous, and highly disciplined, band are become the terror of the eastern cantons. I was selected, with about a dozen more, to perform a service he seemed to have much at heart. Some nine, or ten, days ago, I accompanied him to Geneva, for the purpose of ascertaining the particulars regarding some treasure, which, it was reported, was about to be sent towards Neufchatel: we were both in disguise, and just quitting the town, when an English

carriage, driven by a black coachman, who had with him on the box an invalid soldier with only one arm, drove out of the inn yard where we had put up our horses. The captain seemed struck with the appearance of a gentleman who was in the carriage, and, after it had driven off, made particular enquiries in regard to whence it had come, and whither it was going.

"Having received such information as seemed to please him greatly, my commander ordered me to go off at speed towards Lucerne; and to wait at a post we generally occupy, in a wood running along the Zill, near Konau; there to collect a small band of chosen troopers, under the command of our lieutenant Reignier, and to be in readiness against his arrival. I was particularly directed to send out spies on both the great roads, through Arburg and Lucerne, to watch the motions of the carriage we had just seen; which I was to describe very minutely.

"Accordingly, I pushed on, by the way of Aigle and Interloppen, while the captain took the road to Friburg: he passed the carriage before it had advanced a mile beyond the Rhine, and on the second evening informed us, that he had traced it as far as Corbiers, and doubted not but it would pass through Lucerne: we have spies in the several inns, generally among the stable-boys, who never fail to give intelligence of every movement of troops, as well as of all travellers who appear worth the trouble of stopping.

"On the second evening after the captain's arrival, he was informed by our scout at Lucerne, that the carriage was to move on the next day by way of Zurich: all our force was therefore so placed as to intercept it; but, though the signal was made that it had left Lucerne, it was not to be seen in that direction; our commander therefore rode to the summit of our watch station, and in a short time announced, by means of

a bugle, and flag, that the coach had taken the road to Rapperswill.

We rode after it, but such was the speed with which it proceeded, that it was not until we were close to Utznach, that we could get within sight of it; and then at near a league distance.

"The night was fast approaching, while a terrible storm impended; it broke upon us, just as we passed the town, with such violence, that it was with difficulty we kept on our horses. At length we arrived at the bridge of the Thur: that river was running over it with such violence, that it was totally impossible for the carriage to have passed? it was not long before we discovered it, close under the shepherd's cottage on the hill by the road side.

"After some consultation, it was determined to obtain access to the interior by stratagem, and then to attack the party without giving quarter. The captain and Reignier gained admission; but, to their great surprise, were assaulted so soon as

within the door. We did all in our power to rescue them; but after an ineffectual contest, in which many were killed, and myself, among others, desperately wounded, were obliged to retreat, leaving our officers to the mercy of their opponents."

During the foregoing narrative, Chaunet was frequently obliged to pause; he was too weak to say more than a few words at a time: the intervals were ages to the priest, who was all anxiety to learn how the affair had terminated; but the relator was now so exhausted as not to be able to proceed further.

The old woman at this moment announced the arrival of Father Baudin, who was immediately admitted. Having examined the wound, which had been made by a carabine ball just above the left hip, he applied some dressing thereto; his countenance strongly expressing the full conviction he entertained of the inutility of surgical aid. A cordial draught was administered to poor Chaunet; who appeared to

be as much overcome with gratitude, as he had been by exertion in making the foregoing detail.

Father Baudin considered it indispensably necessary, that his patient should be left to the chance of a little repose: he observed, that had the wound been attended to in the first instance, and the ball extracted, the cure would have been easy; but the violent exercise attendant on riding full a hundred miles, in little more than two days, and at that season of the year, had induced such a gangrenous tendency as to leave no doubt of a fatal issue.

The obvious impossibility of obtaining further information, at that time, determined Father Gregoire to proceed towards St. Dennis; leaving Chaunet in charge of Father Baudin; who, in case of extremity, would perform every religious ceremony: in retiring, the almoner did not forget to furnish the old woman with some money, for the purpose of providing any refreshment that

might be ordered; as also for the subsistence of herself and the children.

The state of the Almoner's mind could not easily be described. Unacquainted with the issue of so extraordinary, and so daring, an outrage, it was natural for him to entertain the most alarming apprehensions respecting the Count's fate. He pictured to himself the unequal conflict, and anticipated the early arrival of intelligence of the most afflicting nature.

More than once he turned back towards the cottage, resolving to await until Chaunet might be able to answer the questions he should put to him, as to the state of the defending party; but when he considered the improbability of the poor fellow giving him the particulars, and that it was not only painful, but dangerous, for him to hold any conversation while in so weak a state, Father Gregoire returned to his chapel, and, after describing to the brothers what he had

essed, was about to follow the field-

path towards Paulina's asylum, when seeing doctor Lorrain walking in his garden, it occurred to him, that, as Robert was with the Count, it was expedient his neighbour should be informed of what had transpired; lest, by the sudden arrival of unpleasant news from the eastward, the matter might be abruptly announced, and occasion serious consequences among the young corporal's friends.

The lay-brother was sent to summon the doctor, who speedily arrived, and accompanied the Almoner towards the grotto; where, both being seated, the unwelcome tidings were announced to the worthy Lorrain, whose frame trembled at the recital.

Father Gregoire held forth some prospect of the wounded man's recovery, and observed, that if any accident had happened among his friend's party, there would, no doubt, have been an express sent to acquaint them: he therefore entertained favourable hopes as to the result; and recommended,

that, as yet, nothing should be said on the subject to Madame Lorrain, nor to any of the family.

Both were so much interested with the melancholy topic, that the dinner bell sounded before they separated: it was rather late for the Almoner to proceed to St. Dennis, but he certainly would have fulfilled that intention had not a messenger arrived from Father Baudin, desiring his immediate attendance at the cottage.

On his arrival he found that priest using his endeavours to stop a considerable effusion of blood, proceeding from an artery, near which the ball lay encysted, and, by it's friction, had caused the vessel to give way.

During the time Father Gregoire had been absent, a great alteration had taken place in Chaunet; who began to talk incoherently, and to mix prayers and blasphemy in the most horrible manner. So soon as the Almoner entered the room, the poor sufferer reproached him in the most forcible

terms, and with the utmost bitterness, for having biassed him from the paths of rectitude, and for leading him to a profession wherein murder, and sacrilege, were considered as mere pastime.

Both the priests were shocked, but lost no time in performing those ceremonies which should purge the miserable Chaunet from his sins, and render him acceptable as a true penitent: every moment seemed to add to his pains, until he was so completely exhausted, by those exertions which increased the discharge of blood from his wound, that at length he reclined, perfectly senseless; and, with the exception of some convulsive starts, resigned his breath without further motion, or suffering.

Early the next morning, Father Gregoire walked to the abbey, to disclose his sentiments regarding Paulina's affairs, as well as to state the occurrences of the preceding

day: he found his sister extremely eager to be informed of all the particulars relating to her fair charge, and not less anxious to ascertain what had become of the Dominican; who, it was generally believed throughout Corbiers, had been drowned in attempting to cross the river at the foot of the garden.

It was in vain they compared all the circumstances that had happened, in which that monk had participated: they, however, felt the conviction, that, by debarring him from seeing Paulina, and, if possible, from even knowing where she had taken refuge, they would be serving her, and possibly might, in the end, compel him to make some avowal, which should serve as the clue for ascertaining her birth.

In this they felt perfectly secure, because the Dominican had openly disclaimed her; thereby giving a right to others to search for her connections: it was also a matter of

some importance, that the Count had undertaken that office; and, with his wonted generosity, paid a year's charges in advance.

The latter circumstance, added to the manner in which Paulina was affected when she first saw the Count, created strong suspicions in the mind of the Abbess, as to the relationship that poor girl had claimed: all that her brother could urge to the contrary was of no avail. She was strongly impressed with an opinion, that the Count had, from motives of delicacy, thought proper to conceal the existence of such an offspring; and nothing could overrule the idea she entertained, that Paulina's recognition of him was the result of sympathy; or that her memory was strongly impressed with the image of her parent; though she had not seen him for full ten years.

The good lady further remarked, that the separation of Paulina from her father took place about the time of his marriage; and, although she could not well comprehend the conduct of the Dominican in

general, she concluded he must have been frequently in some situation where he could observe what passed: it was clear that he knew the Count; and it was no less certain that he knew the Almoner; from both of whom he had vanished in the most abrupt and extraordinary manner.

As to his visit at the chapel, the motive was plain: he had been bereft of a charge for which, it might be supposed, he entertained some affection; but that affection could not be very strong, if it permitted him to quit his research, merely in consequence of meeting a person whose features he recognized. Then again, his unaccountable behaviour at the celebration of the mass, and his flight from the abbey during the night.

The combination of all these events formed a total, heavily preponderating against the probability of the Dominican being, in any degree, related to Paulina; while many circumstances tended to corroborate the belief, that she was an illegiti-

mate daughter of the Count: it was, however, agreed, that not a word should be said to Paulina on the subject; lest her peace of mind should be again invaded, by the disappointment of any hopes she might be led, from their conversation, to indulge.

"Accident sometimes frustrates the most wary and cautious designs," said Father Gregoire, "and puts us in possession of that which, by circuitous paths, leads to discovery: who knows what may follow our possession of this piece of antiquity?"

Saying this, he took from his pocket the agnus which had been found on the floor of the dormitory occupied by the Dominican. The lady abbess examined it attentively, but knew nothing of it; nor did she appear to consider the agnus as any guide to the knowledge of Paulina's parents; she looked upon it merely as a common religious ornament, which would never be sought by the Dominican.

The fact was, that he did not notice his loss until his arrival at Lausanne; when, on retiring to rest at night, the agnus was missing: supposing it to have been broken away during his exertions in the stream, he considered it to be irretrievable: but, even if he had known into whose possession it had fallen, it was not likely he would have returned to claim it; notwithstanding he might have reasons for being extremely chagrined on the occasion.

The agnus was now furnished with a new ribbon, and the Almoner, after suspending it from his own neck, was covering it with his garments, so as to remain concealed, unless intentionally brought to view, when the abbess observed that, possibly, Paulina might recognize it.

"True, sister; send for her instantly: I think it probable she may thence be able to throw some light on her own history; for it is to be supposed, that, if it had ever been

worn by any of her friends, she could not fail to retain in her memory by whom, and at what time."

On enquiring for Paulina it was stated, that, notwithstanding the request of sister Isabelle, who was extremely ill, the kind-hearted girl had sat up with her all night, and was just fallen asleep in her cell: it was therefore determined to defer the enquiry to some other time: as she did not awake before the Almoner returned home, the latter took back the agnus with him to the chapel.

During the two succeeding days, a rumour began to prevail, that some very serious accident had happened to the gentleman whose black servant had been brought to the inn, by the return chaise from Thun. Without the least commiseration for the parties concerned, the innkeeper and his crew indulged in the most gross ribaldry, and gave loose to exultation on the occasion: they prided themselves on their prediction, that some very alarming accident

would take place, in consequence of the Count's determination to proceed with the bewitched horse.

Crowds assembled to hear the repetition of those particulars, which had before been so copiously detailed among the wondering inhabitants of Corbiers; and thousands flocked to the inn-yard, for the purpose of seeing the stall in which the horse had stood.

The landlord, however, went rather beyond his mark; for in recounting the several novelties which tripped from his tongue, and astonished those who indulged in a glass extraordinary on the occasion, he happened to express some doubts whether, or not, the bewitched animal might not have occasioned the staggers of which two of his horses had died within the preceding week. His superstitious guests took the alarm; they refrained from visiting an inn which they had no doubt was haunted, and abandoned the *Grappe de Raisins*, in favour of the, hitherto-neglected, *Guillaume Tell*.

It may naturally be supposed, that the reports in circulation, which were daily strengthened by persons passing between Thun and Lausanne, gave considerable uneasiness to the Almoner, and especially to his friend doctor Lorrain; whose good lady now began to repent, that ever she had proposed Robert's going with the Count: she even went so far as to declare, that it was possible there might be some truth in the story of the haunted horse; giving the accident Robert had met with in his rencontre at Thun, as an instance of it's authenticity.

The anxiety of all parties was greatly augmented by the arrival of a horseman, who, on his way from Appenzel to Geneva, had passed through Geselbach, where he had been informed, in general terms, of what had happened, and even had seen Reignier, standing at the window of his cell; but, as the matter did not very particularly interest the traveller, beyond the

gratification which the capture of Raymond had every where imparted, he had jogged on, without waiting to ascertain exactly how the defenders had come off upon the occasion; all he knew was, that the owner of the carriage was dangerously wounded; and that a young man, who had assisted in his defence, was lying without the smallest hope of recovery.

Poor Lorrain was nearly beyond his senses when he learnt thus much; he instantly ordered his horse to be saddled, and in the mean while stept over to the chapel, to acquaint Father Gregoire with what he had heard: he found his holy neighbour engaged in some important business relating to the brotherhood; therefore, it was some time before he could have access, to communicate the intelligence he had received.

After a little conversation, in which the Almoner stated the impossibility of his leaving the chapel that day, it was resolved they should set out early in the

morning, and make the best of their way to Geselbach: this was reluctantly acceded to by Monsieur Lorrain, who was beyond measure impatient to ascertain the real state of the case.

They accordingly departed from Corbiers the next day, and proceeded at a leisure pace, on account of the sultriness of the weather, until they arrived at Thun; when it occurring to the priest, that possibly the Count might die of his wounds; and, that in such case, the parentage of Paulina might remain unknown; he sent off a letter to his sister, desiring her to despatch her amiable ward, under charge of two of the brothers belonging to the abbey.

After having refreshed themselves and their cattle, the friends moved on to Schwartzec; where they intended to put up for the night, at the house of a gentleman of the priest's acquaintance, who had within a few months settled there with his lady. The latter received them very cor-

dially; but lamented they had not arrived an hour before, as her husband had left home about that time to visit a German gentleman at Soleure, who had sent to him on some pressing occasion.

The next morning after breakfast they mounted their horses, and about the close of day arrived at Lucerne: here they found the reports fully confirmed, and every thing seemed to certify that Robert was in a very dangerous way.

This occasioned such agitation in the doctor's mind, that he became much indisposed, and was the next morning so feverish as to render it expedient for him to remain, until he should be better able to proceed. In the mean while he despatched a messenger to Baden, where he had a brother, to inform him of the misfortune under which Robert was supposed to be suffering.

Feeling himself so ill, that it would not be possible for him to go on the next day, the doctor suggested the propriety of Father

Gregoire's proceeding by himself; observing, that so soon as Paulina might arrive, he would take her under his own charge, and conduct her without delay to Geselbach. To this the priest readily assented, and, betimes on the following day, pursued his journey; taking the southern road leading through Kusnacht, Sattel, and Yberg, towards Hinder; where he was received with great cordiality by the protestant clergyman of the place; to whom he had formerly rendered some service.

By him he was informed, that it was not Robert who was wounded, but a young officer of the Turgaw cavalry; and, that the Count had been very severely hurt; but was so far recovered, that it was intended he should proceed at day-break the next morning to Appenzel; where he would be comfortably lodged, under the immediate attendance of his surgeon.

As it would be too late for the priest to reach Geselbach that evening, he determined to go no farther than Vesen; where,

after crossing the narrow part of the lake of Walstat, he arrived in a few hours. Here the brothers, of the little monastery of St. John, confirmed all that had been stated to the priest by his friend at Hinder; adding, that Raymond was said to be dying, and that Monsieur Le Brun was to arrive at Appenzel that same evening; one of the brothers affirmed, that every thing was ready for his departure that morning.

Hearing this, the Almoner thought it would be best to proceed direct for Appenzel; leaving the town of Geselbach about three or four miles on the left: it was true, the road was not quite so good, but it was more shady, and less dusty.

He had proceeded about three hours, after leaving Vesen, when, on ascending an eminence, over which the road led in an easy ascent, the priest stopped his horse to admire the beauties of the surrounding landscape.

On the right lay a valley, completely covered with woods composed of oaks,

maples, elms, beeches, and other valuable timber, stretching along the borders of the black waters of the unfathomable lake of Walstat; beyond which the mountains of Glaris rose in all the rugged majesty of nature: at their back, the summits of the Grisson ranges displayed their towering peaks, seeming to deride the more humble undulations between Glaris and Schwitz; whose vine-clad ascents, now in full bearing, offered to the eye one of nature's most beautiful displays.

The venerable Almoner was lost in contemplation: with him such scenes wrought powerful effects; they awakened a thousand reflections, and caused him to lament, as well as to wonder at, the folly of mankind, who, neglecting the bounties of heaven, of which all might abundantly participate, turned their thoughts towards devastation, allowing envy and jealousy to banish friendship and contentment!

From this reverie his attention was roused.

by the distant sounds of bugles, in the direction of Geselbach, whose spire seemed modestly to raise it's taper pinnacle above the woods on his left.

In a few minutes he distinguished, at about a mile distant before him, a number of horsemen proceeding, at a great rate, among the trees: their route lay across his, as he moved forwards in the direction towards Appenzel.

The party, which he doubted not consisted of cavalry belonging to that canton, probably performing some evolutions, passed on, and were seen no more; but, as the priest descended into a hollow, through which ran a highly cultivated glen, watered by a little stream bending it's course towards the lake, a single horseman was seen urging a sorry looking steed, as though to follow the troopers.

There was something military, but peculiar, in his appearance: the priest thought he had somewhere seen him; but the object was

soon enveloped amidst the heavy foliage of the wilderness; leaving the traveller to pursue his way, his mind busied in the endeavour to supply the means of recollection: the traces were, however, too indistinct to be followed.

Father Gregoire jogged on at an easy pace, and late in the evening arrived at a small village about a quarter of a mile short of Appenzel: he stopt at several houses, with the intent to inquire whereabout the surgeon of the place resided; but not a soul could be seen until he arrived at a little pothouse, that stood at the further end of the place.

It was thronged with people, who seemed intent on some very interesting subject: the Almoner therefore passed on to Appenzel, where he was not long in gaining the information he sought.

Mr. Van Bock's residence was pointed out, by a person who stood near a little cistern in the market-place; it was nearly

fronting the end of the main street, and at once, by it's appearance, established an opinion, that it's occupier must be a person of some consequence in the town. The priest proceeded towards it; his heart elated at the expectation of so soon embracing his friend; of embracing the son of his patron; of embracing a nobleman suffering under both bodily injury, and mental disquietude.

On arriving at the door, the priest was immediately attended by a young man, who respectfully enquired his business, and held the stirrup while the reverend father should alight; he was rewarded with a benediction; after which, enquiry was made whether the surgeon were at home. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, Father Gregoire was about to alight; when Mr. Von Bock, hearing his name mentioned, and seeing a religieuse at the door, came to pay his respects, and to usher his guest into an apartment.

After mutual civilities; and an offer of

refreshment, the surgeon enquired if it was in his power to render any service.

"I am come, son, to visit your worthy patient: will you have the goodness to announce to him, that, hearing of his misfortune, I have come all the way from Corbiers to embrace, and to afford him every consolation in my power. I was rejoiced to learn on my way that he was so much recovered."

Mr. Von Bock felt embarrassed: he had so many patients, many of whom corresponded with the general description given, that he felt it necessary to inquire, which of them his visitor meant.

"The nobleman who is under your immediate charge."

"Doubtless you mean the Count: he, thank God, is perfectly recovered, and left my house about four days ago to rejoin his regiment at Waldshut. Ah! it was a sad accident, but he had only to blame his own imprudence: it is not every body who can ride a spirited horse."

The priest was, in his turn, not a little perplexed: he could not imagine how to reconcile the account he had heard at Vesen, with what Mr. Von Bock had said; and as to the horse, it was so in opposition to the habits of the Count, who, in consequence of the illness under which he had suffered previous to his marriage, never mounted a horse at all, that it appeared plain there was some cross purpose in the business.

"We certainly are under some mistake, son; the Count de St. Hilaire could not have arrived before yesterday, at the farthest: you know he did not quit Geselbach before the afternoon."

"I know not whom you allude to, father: Count Alsdorff certainly has been here for these four days; and as to the nobleman you mention, he has never been near me; nor can I boast the honour of his acquaintance. Was he in need of assistance?

"Report states, that he was severely wounded in defending himself from an attack, made upon him by a party of Raymond's banditti.

"Indeed, father! surely, if it had happened in this quarter we should have heard of it. I entertain the hope, that you have been misinformed; for that daring robber has been, for these ten days, confined in the prison at Geselbach; from which place he was rescued this morning by a large party of his people, who found means to obtain admission into the prison as a religious procession, and liberated both him, and Reignier, their lieutenant. Heavens! when shall we be freed from such outrages! Poor Monsieur Le Brun!"

"Le Brun! what of him? Speak, son!"

"Doubtless, father, you have heard what has happened to him?"

"I have—say, where is he? it is him I seek!"

"Poor gentleman! I am but this moment returned from visiting his lady: it is doubtful whether she will ever get over it."

"You fill me with sorrow, son; but the Count (I mean Monsieur Le Brun), has, I trust, recovered of his wound?"

"Oh! yes, father; that was in a fair way: in a week, or ten days, he might have proceeded on his journey; but now there is no saying what may happen: the violence he has undergone will probably prove fatal!"

The Almoner was alarmed: his features expressed the surprise and anxiety which filled him: in a querulous tone he asked, "What violence?"

Mr. Von-Bock, seeing the state of the priest's mind, and desirous to explain what had happened in such manner as should rather tend to relieve, than to augment, his distress, related the occurrence more as a matter of report, than as a fact well authenticated.

But, notwithstanding his urbanity, and

the manner in which he had glossed over the principal incidents, it was easy for Father Gregoire to form a right judgment of the case. No pen could describe his sufferings; he, however, called in religion to his aid; and, after many pious ejaculations, begged to be acquainted with the particulars of the rescue.

Mr. Von-Boch, having been at Geselbach, was able to satisfy him regarding every point, and offered his opinion that Philip was nothing better than a spy belonging to the gang; and that he had contrived not only the escape of Raymond, but the attack upon his benefactor: in that the priest perfectly accorded: he observed that the single horseman he had seen in the forenoon must have been Philip; and, that what had appeared to be a party of the cavalry of the canton, were the banditti, returning to their haunt after rescuing their officers.

The good man now made up his mind to

the belief that his friend the Count was no more; that after taking him from the carriage, they had plundered, and caused him to sign a draft on his banker, according to the common practice of such villains; which done, he was probably murdered, and his body left as a prey to the wolves. A series of melancholy reflections followed; crowding upon the disturbed mind of the Almoner, who now regretted that he had sent for Paulina; the more so, as he doubted not that the letter he had written to the Count remained in the post-office at Constance.

Mr. Von-Boch omitted nothing he thought might comfort the unhappy Almoner; but, unfortunately, the subject was of a nature to furnish but little consolation; especially as the banditti appeared determined, whether from revenge for the loss they had sustained at the shepherd's cottage, or in pursuance of their original design, to possess of the person, rather than of

the property, of their unsuspecting victim: hence it was not easy to penetrate into their motive, or to form any probable conjecture as to the result.

Father Gregoire was so much pleased with the manners, and kind disposition, of his entertainer, that he accepted an invitation to partake of supper; this, however, was a great concession; for the priest made a point of always taking up his night's lodgings within consecrated walls, if such existed within a moderate distance; therefore, when he heard the convent bell ringing for the last time that night, after which none could be admitted, a blush stole upon his cheek, as though he felt conscious of a trespass. Mr. Von-Boch, perceiving his inquietude, requested he would not trouble himself in regard to a lodging; as the apartment intended for the unfortunate Count was at his command.

Father Gregoire acknowledged the kindness in suitable terms; but he foresaw that

such an allotment would not prove very favourable to his rest: he anticipated the effect that would be produced on his nerves, by his occupation of that chamber which was intended for the Count; and knowing, that ill placed ceremony is at all times an error, he imparted his sentiments without reserve to Mr. Von-Boch; who acquiesced in the propriety of his objections, and varied the arrangement so as to meet the priest's wishes.

With such a burthen on his mind, it was not to be expected that sleep would be prompt in shedding its balmy influence over the Almoner: it was not, indeed, until a late hour that he closed his eyes, and then but for a while, by no means adequate to recruiting his strength, or spirits.

His slumbers were like those of a person approaching to delirium, and presented him with a thousand ghastly images; such as caused him to rise so soon as he heard any person stirring in the house.

Understanding that Mr. Von-Boch was not an early riser, he lost no time in performing his usual ablutions, and obeyed the summons of the matin bell, then calling the inhabitants of the Beguine convent to join in thanksgiving to the Creator, for the return of light, and for the protection granted them during the past hours of darkness.

The Almoner was immediately admitted within the sanctuary, and having made himself known to the prior, accompanied the monks into a cloister; whence the procession passed into a small chapel, divided in the middle by a grate, on the other side of which the nuns were arranged according to their usual order.

The joyous orisons were about to conclude, when, at the instance of a Beguine who was kneeling before a low marble altar, and whose face was covered by a deep veil, a prayer was offered up for the safety of the Noble Jean, Robert, Count de St. Hilaire.

"The Almoner was astonished! his eyes were fixed upon the Beguine, under the

hope of seeing her countenance; but in vain: the prayers being concluded, she hastily retreated into the opposite cloister, and in a moment disappeared.

There was something peculiar in the manner of the Beguine's offering up the prayer for the Count; she appeared to be much affected, and at times sobbed very audibly: the other nuns seemed to regard her with great compassion and deference; and the prioress evidently treated her with marked respect and kindness.

"Pray, father," said the almoner to the prior, as they were about to quit the chapel, "what is the name of the sister who announced the prayer for the Count de St. Hilaire's safety?"

"She is called sister Louisa."

"What interest has she in the safety of the Count?"

"I know not; but she has been in the habit of offering the same prayer for several days."

"Are her connections known?"

"They are not: in that instance she observes inviolable secrecy; but she has promised, at a fit time, to reveal her whole history, and to render some important service to the public."

"Does she never quit the convent?"

"She has been with us only the time I have specified; therefore it is not easy for me to give you any insight into her conduct; but, if you are desirous to gain information regarding it, our lady prioress no doubt will afford you every facility for that purpose.

"Sister Louisa was admitted from motives of humanity; she was in great distress, and appeared rather deranged in her intellects: however, I believe she is now more composed; but there are moments in which she is by no means to be trusted: we scarcely know what to think of her, but make no doubt of her being respectably connected; and that whenever she may relate the particulars of her life, they will be found highly interesting."

Father Gregoire's heart melted at the description given of the unfortunate Louisa: his curiosity was strained to the utmost, and he would have given kingdoms to have, at that moment, ascertained the motives which actuated her to pray for the Count. But as there was no prospect of obtaining the information he sought, he returned to the cloister, and participated with the monks in their frugal repast.

The prior pressed him to stay, but the almoner was so anxious to gain intelligence respecting his friend's fate, that, he excused himself under the plea of urgent business, and returned to the house of Mr. Von-Boch; who had been some time waiting, in hopes of seeing him at the breakfast table.

It was noon when the good priest mounted his mule, and quitted Appenzel: he travelled at a very slow pace, and arrived at Monsieur Pierard's just as he was sitting down to supper with Robert. The latter was in ecstacy when his reverend friend was and received his embrace with

the most heart-felt satisfaction and respect; he drew a seat for the priest; and, in a moment, enquired after all his friends at Corbiers.

"You should have written to them, son; they have suffered greatly in consequence of your silence. Monsieur Lorrain was too uneasy to remain at home, after hearing of the attack which had been made upon my friend, and that one of his companions was dangerously wounded. Poor man! he accompanied me as far as Lucerne; where falling ill, in consequence of the uneasiness he felt on your account, he was compelled to remain: however, I hope he will shortly arrive in health and safety."

Robert was greatly dejected at hearing the above account of Doctor Lorrain, and was equally surprised to learn, that a letter, which he had given to Philip on the day they had arrived at Geselbach, with injunctions to put into the post-office at the auberge, had not reached Corbiers. He

resolved to start by day-break the next morning, and to make the best of his way to Lucerne; which, as his horse was fresh, might be reached before the gates would be closed for the night.

Leaving the almoner for a few minutes, to collect the particulars relating to the rescue, and regarding the Countess's lamentable condition, the youth ran over to announce his intention to his friend the lieutenant, who had just stept into bed, and would probably have refused admission to any other person.

The young officer was extremely averse to losing his companion, but he could not oppose so laudable a design: after a few minutes passed in the mutual expression of good will, and the hopes of an early meeting under more favourable circumstances, they were about to separate, when the lieutenant, overcome with chagrin at seeing Robert quitting his bed-side, detained him by a firm and convulsive grasp with both

his hands: he was silent; at length, he suddenly exclaimed, "I will go with you."

Robert smiled; but the exultation he felt was speedily overcome by the reflection, that his friend was not sufficiently recovered to travel; and especially to make so long a journey on horseback in one day. He had began to remonstrate, when the lieutenant reclined on his pillow, in a state of dejection: his wound had been strained by the effort he had made, and the conviction of his inability to execute the intention he had avowed, pressed too forcibly on his mind: his lip trembled, he sighed, and looked expressively at the afflicted Robert; while each had a kindred tear springing from its matrix, as though eager to fall on their united hands, and to seal the union of their hearts.

An abrupt transition, from sorrow to joy, occasioned the features of Robert to reassume their usual animation: "We will go together in the coach," said he.

In a moment the lieutenant's eye resumed its lustre: springing out of bed, he called for his attendant, to give the necessary orders; repeatedly thanking the young corporal for that happy suggestion, which had thus prevented their separation, and added a new link to the chain of friendship.

Robert left his friend, and returned to Monsieur Pierard's, where, on stating the resolution above noticed, that gentleman gave his hearty approbation to the measure; as did also Father Gregoire; who would willingly have accompanied them, but he found himself already much fatigued, and judged it prudent to be in the way, to take advantage of any favourable turn in the Countess's situation, as well as to be at hand, in case she should unfortunately be in more imminent danger.

Avril was at first extremely downcast, when the order was given for preparing the coach by day-break the next morning; but when he understood the purpose, and that Father Gregoire was to remain at Monsieur

Pierard's, his mind was eased, and he obeyed with perfect alacrity.

The honest African soon learnt that Robert's letter had miscarried: of course, as he knew it had been given to Philip, another argument was furnished to him in support of his charge against the veteran: in truth, so many well substantiated facts were adduced, that incredulity itself must have hesitated in pronouncing him innocent.

They set out rather before day-break, and proceeded in safety over the bridge which had formerly obstructed their progress: on arriving opposite the bank, up which the coach had ascended, towards the shepherd's cottage, each involuntarily heaved a sigh: a look towards the well known spot produced in both the most painful retrospection: they passed on in silence. As the day became more conspicuous, and offered to their view those sublime scenes which characterize the canton of Glaris; displaying the herds, and flocks, every where abundant; the ripened corn seeming to invite

the sickle; the rosy apple, the darkened plum, and the rich offering of the vine, peeping from under its changing leaves; their minds became more tranquillized, and they launched out in admiration of the all-bounteous productions of nature.

They looked forward to the pleasure of returning to Geselbach, accompanied by Doctor Lorrain; and they entertained the hope, that, as proper means had been adopted to ascertain what had become of the Count, it would not be long before they should be gratified, by seeing him once more restored to that happiness, and tranquillity, to which his amiable qualities so richly entitled him.

The distance was too great for them to proceed on to Lucerne; they therefore agreed to halt at Sattel, and to rise early; so as to reach the former town in time for breakfast the next morning.

This they effected with ease; and Robert had the heart-felt satisfaction of finding, that Monsieur Lorrain was perfectly re-established in his health: it was indeed that gentle-

man's intention to have mounted his horse in the evening, and to have rode as far as Sattel, or eventually to Yberg; so as to have reached Geselbach the next day, without too great an exertion.

The Doctor would probably have set off on that morning, but he had been detained by the absence of Paulina, who was hourly expected; having been seen, near an hour before the arrival of the coach, about a league to the westward of Lucerne.

When he understood how affairs were situated, it seemed to him proper that the unfortunate girl should be sent back to St. Dennis; but, upon further consideration, he resolved to take her with him, and to place her under the direction of the Countess, to whom her society would prove acceptable; while, at the same time, she would be in readiness, in case any matter should arise relative to her parentage.

In a little time after this resolution had been taken, a monk came to the inn, and enquired if Father Gregoire had been there?

he was answered in the affirmative; and was further informed, that he had proceeded towards Appenzel several days past; but that Doctor Lorrain, who had arrived with him, and was detained by indisposition, was then in the house.

The monk retired, and in about ten minutes returned with his lovely charge, who was seated on a mule, led by another religieuse.

Paulina was immediately introduced to the Doctor, who acquainted her with the directions of Father Gregoire, and expressed the great pleasure he should have in conducting her to that worthy man: the mule, he said, could go back with the monks to St. Dennis, as the coach would conveniently accommodate the four persons, who now constituted the party.

Monsieur Lorrain would willingly have detained the fathers to dinner; but they excused themselves, stating that they had already been absent too long from their monastery, as they had made very short stages,

being apprehensive of injuring the health of their young companion; who had not been accustomed to travel, and was greatly fatigued by riding: they therefore departed, taking with them letters from the Doctor and Robert, to their friends at Corbiers.

Though unaccustomed to company, and left with three persons who were total strangers to her, Paulina was not abashed: she conducted herself with that kind of ease which is the soul of elegance, and gives a grace to every action.

There was a certain *naiveté* in her disposition which at once substantiated her claim to candour, and good sense; and which, added to a face beaming with intelligence and kindness, and a form which qualified her to become a model for sculptors, amounted to such a combination as rarely meets the eye, but wounds the heart of every spectator.

The doctor, who knew Paulina's history, though he was till then unacquainted with her person, contemplated her, according to

his habitual benevolence, with esteem and compassion: he was delighted with her conversation, and did all in his power to convince her of his disposition to render her service.

The young men were not less solicitous to please her; but they felt an interest, in so doing, very widely different from that which actuated the worthy Lortrain. The lieutenant appeared to forget his wound; he was gay, cheerful, and gave a loose to his natural vivacity: Robert, on the contrary, became thoughtful, and rather disposed to melancholy: in lieu of openly expressing the delight he took in the presence of Paulina, he seemed intent on stealing a glance at her, when there appeared an opportunity for so doing, unobserved by his friends.

After dinner they walked through the town; and, under the guidance of a person sent with them by the innkeeper, visited the several manufactories, and examined whatever was curious: on this occasion Pau-

lina was conducted by the doctor; the oung folks walking after them arm in arm.

The host had particularly recommended them to stay another day, that he might gratify them with the sight of his regiment; of which, as already stated, he was extremely vain; and he was not a little mortified that they should allow business to supercede what, he thought, was a singular favour on his part, and must to them have proved an unprecedented gratification. Had the party been in want of post-horses, they would have experienced a disappointment, similar to that undergone by the Count, when he quitted Lucerne.

When they took their seats in the coach next morning, the doctor handed Paulina, and insisted on the lieutenant's placing himself beside her; kindly observing, that he would be seated more at his ease, and be less liable to feel inconvenience from his wound: Robert sat *vis-a-vis* to his young friend; who frequently rallied him on the

manner in which he seemed to have excluded himself from the general conversation.

It was in vain the youth endeavoured to banish a certain pensive mood, by no means natural to him under ordinary circumstances: he felt the singularity of his deportment, and was not a little chagrined to find it noticed by his companions: he made some attempts to shake it off, but without success; indeed, if any effect was produced by his endeavours, it was rather in addition to that inquietude under which he was labouring.

The coach stopped at Sattel, and the party alighted, while the horses were turned loose into a rich paddock, to refresh during the heat of the day. A cold collation was served up, in a neat room fronting the road, where a window being thrown open to the north, admitted the fresh air, and offered to their view the delightful scenery of the highly cultivated plain of Hermites, terminated on the left by the lesser expanse of

the lake of Zug, while at a distance on the right were seen the romantic summits of the Lachen mountains, ranging along the southern bank of the Zurich waters. Before them the Zill moved in silent majesty along it's meandering course; intersecting the plain in a variety of directions, and seeming to float the lofty spire of the abbey of Hermites.

The prospect was enchanting; all, save Robert, were loud in it's praise, and the doctor was pointing out to Paulina, as they sat together close to the window, some of the most pleasing objects, when a small carriage on two wheels, drawn by two horses, and driven by Ambrose, who had been discharged from the Count's service, stopped immediately opposite to them, so as to obstruct their view.

The carriage was closed on that side which was nearest to the inn; so that it could not be seen who was in it: the landlord was desired by Ambrose to pass round

to the opposite side, where he received directions, and in a minute waited upon the traveller with a glass of cold water, and a small platter of biscuits. The horses were supplied with water, while their driver did not forget to take a good draught of maigre wine, and to put a small loaf, together with a good lump of cheese, and a bunch of garlic into his pocket: these things being done, the chaise drove off nearly at speed; thereby raising such a dust, as compelled the party to close their window until it had subsided.

"That is a strange vehicle," said the doctor to the landlord, as the latter came in to remove the viands, and to place an abundant desert in their stead; "but it seems well calculated for expedition."

"Yes, sir."

"How many persons were there in it?"

"One, sir."

"What did he appear to be?"

"A religieuse."

"Do you know him?"

The landlord hesitated: he asked what wine Monsieur would like to have with his fruit; no doubt Mademoiselle would choose a glass of his liqueurs; they were excellent, and were famous throughout the canton.

"But this religieuse——?"

"Yes, it was a religieuse: the coffee will be ready in a few minutes; I can recommend it, for it is sent to me every year by a brother, who has a capital plantation at St. Domingo."

Saying this, the host disappeared.

"He is an oddity," said the lieutenant: Paulina smiled assent; and the doctor, taking out his snuff-box, observed that probably the landlord had smarted under the ecclesiastical lash for some intemperate expression, and did not feel disposed to hazard the repetition of his punishment.

Towards the cool of the evening Avril was directed to put the horses to the coach,

and the party resumed their seats: they proceeded by the way of Hermites, and in about five hours arrived at Utznach, where they were comfortably lodged for the night. After breakfast the next morning they resumed their journey, and got into Geselbach a little after mid-day.

The re-union of this groupe was beyond description interesting: Paulina threw herself at the feet of Father Gregoire, who received her with unfeigned regard. But the pleasure he experienced in her safe arrival, was greatly alloyed by the consideration, that she was even farther removed, than at their former interview, from the object of her research: there was a melancholy cast upon his features, which assured the fair sufferer, that something relating to her interests was at least unsettled, if not absolutely unpropitious.

The surgeon had been each day to visit the Countess, who was considerably recovered; she was, indeed, so far re-established as

to be able to sit up in her chamber, but her spirits were extremely depressed, and she passed the hours in the most mournful dejection.

The Almoner had exerted his rhetoric, and summoned every religious argument to her comfort; unfortunately, not with that success which generally attended his attempts at consolation: she appeared to be absorbed in thought, and, at times, wrung her hands, wept, and cried, in all the anguish of despair. Gradually, however, she became more composed, and endeavoured to controul her affliction: with that view, she had, during the morning, requested that either Father Gregoire, or Monsieur Pierard, would keep her company; so that by conversation she might divert her thoughts, and banish that despondency which she was sensible was feeding on her health.

Some travellers, passing from the borders of the Rhine towards Zurich, had reported at the auberge, that numbers of the

militia of Coire, Glaris, Mayenfeld, and other parts of the league, had been permitted, by consent of the magistrates, to assemble for the purpose of attacking the haunt of Raymond's banditti: an officer of the Zurich cavalry had been at uncommon pains to impress them with the absolute necessity of extirpating so obnoxious, and so rapacious a gang; and he had pledged himself for the success of the enterprise, provided the execution were confided solely to his management.

Though the magistrates were not sanguine in their expectations of getting rid of their troublesome neighbours, yet they were so goaded by the reproaches of the people at large, for their having, during many months, turned a deaf ear to the offer, that shame and fear combined to effect that acquiescence on their part, which spirit and duty ought to have anticipated.

The enterprise would, however, have been very slowly acted upon, if it had been

left to their conduct. Happily that resentment which had been generated by the late rescue, rekindled the ardour formerly displayed, but suppressed as needless when Raymond was taken, and now caused the heads of the several communities to prepare in earnest for the intended assault: the religious establishments especially interested themselves on the occasion; urging the populace to volunteer on so praise-worthy an undertaking; and promising pardons, absolutions, remissions, indulgences, and dispensations, out of number to all who might enrol themselves on the patriotic lists.

The rumour of the intended attack having reached Father Gregoire, he had been during the morning employed in ascertaining it's veracity, which appeared to be tolerably well founded; but, as he wisely judged, that, if it should prove to be merely a report, the thing would die away; and, that it was possible to urge the good people of Geselbach, who had lately experienced such

an outrage, and whose market was thus destroyed, to join in a league against the marauders; he had been using his endeavours to rouse the inhabitants to a sense of their duty; and, either to aid the southern communities, in case they should have taken the lead; or to form a nucleus around which they might collect, and thus raise a formidable force: owing to this he had been abroad during the whole morning.

Having welcomed his friends after their journey, and caused some refreshments to be placed before them, the Almoner proceeded to the Countess's apartment; and, on being admitted, informed her of the manner in which he had been employed since breakfast: the Countess was much pleased at the description he gave of the disposition evinced by the population of the town, and felt her mind somewhat relieved by the prospect, however faint, it afforded, of seeing her husband again at liberty.

"And in order to make the time pass more pleasantly," said the priest, "I shall introduce to you a young woman, with whom you cannot fail to be highly pleased."

"I am greatly indebted to your kindness, father; and shall be obliged by your doing so: is she of Geselbach?"

"No, daughter; she is an orphan committed to my charge, and has been sent from the abbey of St. Dennis under the hope of ascertaining her parentage; which, of itself, would interest you in her behalf; but when you have passed an hour in her company, I am certain you will entertain the highest opinion of her merits: our young friends below are by no means insensible to her beauty."

"You excite my curiosity greatly; I should like to see the poor thing; an orphan! I need not say how much pleasure it will afford me to render her service: have the goodness, father, to introduce her; I

feel anxious to see her, and to enjoy her society."

Father Gregoire lost no time in complying with her request: in a few minutes he returned leading in Paulina, who was dressed in the neatest stile, and had on her head a little straw bonnet, from which hung a beautiful white veil; furnished her by the abbess to keep off the sun's rays as she travelled.

The Countess was forcibly struck with the elegance of her form, and the easy air with which her visitor approached: rising from her seat, she was about to advance for the purpose of meeting her, when the artless girl expecting, as a matter of course, to be saluted, raised the veil, and discovered her features.

The Countess suddenly became agitated, and as she exclaimed "Paulina St. Hilaire!" fell back into her chair, apparently lifeless.

Conceiving that surprise and pleasure had

caused the fit, it was judged proper to remove Paulina, until the Countess might recover sufficiently to admit her: the former therefore retired, but in extreme dejection; for she now felt assured that the Count was her father, and that his lady, who she perfectly recollected to have seen with him at Moudon, was determined he should not acknowledge her.

It was natural for such an opinion to act very forcibly on her mind; where it committed considerable havoc, and made her resolve upon removing from under the roof of Monsieur Pierard, so soon as circumstances might admit: she became dejected, and attracted the notice of the Almoner; who questioned her, in the most delicate manner, on the subject of the change in her disposition.

Paulina, in her usual ingenuous manner, explained to him all that had happened when she met the Count at Moudon: what related to that circumstance he knew only

so far as regarded the supposed recognition of her parent; for he had not been informed of the manner in which the Countess had deported herself on that occasion.

Although that lady had experienced a relapse, in consequence of the unforeseen effect Paulina's presence had created; for the priest had purposely avoided any previous mention of her name, under the expectation of adding pleasure to that surprise he judged would prove so agreeable; he was far from regretting what had happened, since it completely satisfied, and the resemblance was no weak proof to his mind, that Paulina was the Count's daughter.

Judging, however, that her residence at Monsieur Pierard's would prove unacceptable, he resolved, so soon as Paulina mentioned her wish of retiring to some other habitation, that she should be removed to the convent of the Beguines at Appenzel; where she might be received as a boarder. In answer to the questions put to him by

the Countess, the Almoner stated, that Paulina was about to enter that charitable asylum.

According to what had been settled, Paulina proceeded the next day with Father Gregoire to the house of Mr. Von-Boch, whence the latter went over to the convent, and having settled every thing to his satisfaction, returned to conduct his fair charge within the sacred area. It was her good fortune to attract the kind regard of the prioress, who readily saw into the genuine character of her ward, and felt particularly disposed to afford her both protection, and assistance.

Before the Almoner departed, he took an opportunity of enquiring whether the reverend matron could give him any information respecting the Beguine, Sister Louisa, who had in such pathetic terms offered up the prayer for his friend, the Count's safety. His enquiries were fruitless; the prioress could give no account of her past life, and

could say but little respecting her conduct during the short while Sister Louisa had been among them: all she knew was, that, taking advantage of the charitable principles of the institution, which allowed the nuns to quit the convent whenever they chose, Louisa had been much abroad; and, on one occasion, had even staid out the whole night; for which transgression mental derangement was admitted in excuse.

The Almoner was likewise informed, that she had that morning been seen in close conversation with an ill-looking man on the other side of the bridge, on the road leading to Feldkirk; whence she had returned to her cell, and, after making up a small bundle, quitted the convent, seemingly much agitated.

The Almoner, whose heart was ever open to compassion, pitied her sincerely; he was anxious to learn the cause of her misfortune, and determined to watch her return, that he might, from her own mouth,

receive the information he thirsted for. With this view he placed himself in the window seat at Mr. Von-Boch's, anxiously looking towards the gate of the convent, and fully resolving to run over the moment he should see her approach.

His keenness was to no purpose: Sister Louisa did not return that night.

Hearing the vesper bell, the Almoner quitted Mr. Von-Boch's, and repaired to the convent; where the Prior received him in the most respectful manner, and acquainted him that every attention had been paid in preparing an apartment for his accommodation.

It was to be expected that the Almoner would avail himself of the opportunity, to enquire regarding the rumoured intention of the southern communities to attack Raymond's haunt: the replies he received were fully satisfactory, and encouraged the hope that the country would be freed from so distressing a scourge. Eager to convey the

confirmation to his friends, Father Gregoire departed the next day, having previously enjoined the prioress not to allow of any communication with Paulina, except by permission under his signature; and he strongly recommended that every means should be used to soothe her affliction, and to raise her spirits.

"But," said the Prior, "I conclude we may admit her parents, if they should call?"

"I fear," answered the Almoner, "they will not trouble you: if they *should* call, you may certainly admit them: she would rejoice to see them."

"Is it long since she saw them?"

The Almoner sighed; he turned aside, raised his eyes towards heaven, and seemed unable to answer.

"You have rankled a wound; let me beseech you to refrain from any mention of her parents to the unfortunate maiden; as yet her mind is too weak to enter upon a subject, which, to her, is peculiarly distress-

ing. Our holy sister will no doubt be a mother to the unfortunate Paulina, and in your kindness and protection, she will experience whatever may be requisite to supply the place of parental solicitude. But, let me again caution you not to touch on a subject which could not fail to agitate, and possibly to deprive her of reason. Adieu! in a few days I hope to be the bearer of tidings which may fill her with joy."

On arriving at Monsieur Pierard's the Almoner found the whole town in a bustle: the throng of volunteers to attack Raymond was great; the lieutenant had assumed the command, and his friend Robert had undertaken to act as a subordinate officer; all the old arms in the place were burnished up, and Geselbach, for the first time, assumed a military air. Matters were in this state, when a dispatch was brought from the officer who had been the principal mover of the plan, that, as he intended to invest the fortress in a very few days, it was ne-

cessary the whole force should assemble without delay at the town of Walstat; where the several operations would be arranged after the extent of the armament should be ascertained.

In obedience to this requisition, the Geselbach division were ordered to be in readiness for marching the next day: the order was received with loud acclamations, and the whole population of the town vied in shewing their approbation of the measures then in procedure. The women were busied in making knapsacks and cockades for their gallant defenders, while the boys, and even the girls, amused themselves in fighting sham battles; in which the banditti were invariably defeated, and their chief taken prisoner, and executed.

In the midst of these joyous operations, a gentleman arrived on horseback, and stopped at the auberge to inquire where the Count de St. Hilaire was lodged? Nobody knew any such person: the gentleman was

amazed; but, supposing that the Count had travelled under a feigned name, he described his person, and stated that he had been wounded by some robbers about a fortnight back.

The landlord then directed him to Monsieur Pierard's, where on seeing Avril he beckoned to him for the purpose of inquiring after his master. The honest African approached, and in a few seconds recognized the stranger to be Monsieur St. Julien, the Count's relative. The latter alighted, and on enquiring regarding the Count's health, was answered by a flood of tears. St. Julien was astonished, and no less grieved, when Avril, after a while, recovering himself sufficiently to mix words with sobs, said: "Him massa gone: him missy upstairs: me tink she come die!"

Father Gregoire, hearing some persons talking at the gate, opened the window, and, seeing who it was, hastened down stairs to welcome the visitor. Their meet-

ing was affectionate, but mournful. St. Julien was cast down beyond measure when he heard, that his sister was in so pitiable a state: he accompanied the Almoner into the parlour, where he was introduced to the doctor and Robert.

"Where is your young friend?" said Father Gregoire to the latter.

"He is on the parade, instructing some persons who have only this morning enrolled under his command."

It was not long before he arrived, and on entering the parlour was instantly recognized by St. Julien to be Albert Meuron, his brother-in-law. The parties were mutually surprised, and naturally interrogated each other as to the cause of their meeting at Geselbach. Albert immediately related the manner of his detention; after which St. Julien proceeded to state, that, having received a letter from the Count, informing of his intention to proceed to Vienna by the way of Constance, he had come to the de-

termination of meeting him on the road; probably at Merburg, on the eastern banks of the lake of Constance; and had intimated his intention in a letter he had lodged for the Count at the post office at Constance.

Having waited several days, without hearing of the Count, he had thought it adviseable to cross to the latter place, and was informed at the office, that his letter had been duly received there, but was taken away, some days past, with two others for the same nobleman, by an old soldier, who had but one arm, and who, while he remained in the town, resided principally with his sister, and his daughter, at a house which the office-keeper pointed out.

St. Julien had proceeded to dame Jaqueline's, where he was informed that her brother Philip, who corresponded with the description, had indeed been there, but had returned to Geselbach, taking with him his daughter Annette; who was to be in the

service of the lady whose husband had been dangerously wounded by banditti.

"You amaze me, son! Philip surely did not find any letters for your brother: at least so he informed the Count."

St. Julien was extremely concerned when he heard the particulars of the attack, and the rescue; he would willingly have visited his sister, but Father Gregoire objected to too sudden a disclosure of his arrival: it was therefore agreed, that, whenever the Countess might appear sufficiently tranquillized, the presence of her brother should be gradually announced; so as not to risk any obstruction to her recovery.

That event did not take place that evening, until which time the conversation turned chiefly on the intended attack, which gave St. Julien the greatest pleasure. After dinner he accompanied the rest of the party to the parade, where the volunteers were assembled; and, in a manner which gained

the hearts of all the brave adventurers, presented a purse to Monsieur Pierard, directing it to be dispensed, as he should see occasion, among the families of those who, by their absence, might not be able to maintain their wives and children in a suitable manner.

A burst of acclamation pervaded the ranks; all expressed their gratitude; but when they understood that the wounded lieutenant, Albert Meuron, was brother-in-law to the donor, the whole became absolutely tumultuous, by their endeavours to satisfy St. Julien of their firm intention to conquer, or die, under his gallant kinsman.

The parade being in the market-place, immediately between the auberge and the prison gate, St. Julien took the opportunity to visit the cell in which Raymond had been confined. One of the turnkeys, who had witnessed all the proceedings of the mock procession, attended, and explained every circumstance as it had happened: the great chain, which had been fastened to the

ring in the wall, was still pendent, and the fetters were partially seen under the bed-clothes: in fact, nothing had been touched since the fatal day.

Monsieur Pierard thought it might be as well to have the room cleaned out; for it was not so fresh as before the chevalier had been lodged there: the turnkey immediately set about removing what was on the bed-stead, when, to the great astonishment of St. Julien, a letter, which, from the super-scription, he knew to be that he had written to the Count, fell upon the floor.

On searching among the clothes, two other letters were found; both addressed to the Count de St. Hilaire. One of these had been written by Father Gregoire: the other bore neither date, nor signature; and was written in terms such as created a variety of opinions among the several persons present.

Monsieur Pierard triumphed in this additional proof of Philip's treachery; to

which, after hearing all the particulars, St. Julien gave his full concurrence: it was in vain that his relative, and Robert, at tempted to defend the veteran's conduct, or to reconcile it to motives in any way commendable; the several facts, both collectively and abstractedly, seemed to bear but one construction, and to call loudly for the most exemplary punishment.

On the following day, the volunteers marched from Geselbach in high spirits; taking with them the zealous benediction of Father Gregoire, and the hearty good wishes of those who were not qualified to bear arms. The whole town accompanied them for a full league, joining in patriotic chorusses; when, having taken leave of their friends with repeated cheers, they escorted St. Julien, the doctor, and Monsieur Pierard, back to the residence of the latter, exhibiting in their way every demonstration of the most unbounded enthusiasm.

Much conversation passed between the

Almoner and St. Julien respecting Paulina: the latter felt interested in her behalf, and declared, that, after what had been stated, there could be no doubt of the Count's being her father.

" If," said he, " my sister had borne children, the matter might have been highly repugnant to her feelings; but, under existing circumstances, she ought rather to consider herself fortunate, in having the opportunity of ushering so amiable a girl to the world. But I know my sister's disposition too well to be surprised at her conduct in this instance: you well know, Father, that where women are vain they are rarely charitable; and that nine in ten of those who are not blessed with a progeny of their own, look with jealousy towards such as happen to be more fortunate. I had hoped, that, the latitude given to opinions regarding domestic circumstances, in France, would have made her consider this as a mere bagatelle: but pride ever

produces rancour, and rancour always makes us mean. However, leave the affair to me; I will accompany you to-morrow, or next day, to see this phenomenon; and, if my ideas of her should be confirmed by personal acquaintance, you may rest assured that she shall be placed in her proper situation: my sister *shall* treat her with kindness."

"Nay, son; compulsion may rather injure, than promote——."

"Pardon me, Father; I know the world, and I know my duty towards society: I will compel her to do her duty towards her husband; a husband who has ever deported himself towards her with the utmost propriety. Shall she then pretend fastidiously to condemn his juvenile indiscretion; or shall she treat with contempt, and indignity, a meritorious girl under such flimsy pretexts? The more I consider, the more I admire that privation to which the Count submitted, for the purpose of concealing Paulina from her view; and the more I

must condemn that absurd, and cruel, intolerance which compelled her husband to deny his own child."

St. Julien promised, that he would not enter upon the subject until his sister might be in spirits to bear so delicate a discussion; and, not even then, unless it should appear to him, from what Paulina might state, that circumstances should warrant his supporting the opinion arising from Father Gregoire's representation.

As the Countess remained extremely weak, it was considered inadviseable to introduce St. Julien to her previous to his return for Appenzel, whither they repaired on the ensuing day; leaving to Monsieur Pierard the office of acquainting her, when he should judge proper, with the arrival of her brother from Vienna.

They were received by the Prior, who, with great satisfaction strongly depicted in his countenance, wished the Almoner joy; "For," said he, "the stray lamb has at

length been found: Paulina's father was here, about an hour after you left us, and has taken her with him."

"What," exclaimed St. Julien, "has the Count been here! this is good news, indeed! Why, Father Gregoire, this is beyond our most sanguine expectation."

"You speak in parables, son;" said the Prior, "her father is no Count; but a worthy churchman of the order of St. Dominic."

St. Julien stared, while Father Gregoire stood like one petrified: he seemed to gasp for breath, his countenance was pallid, and his whole frame was unnerved.

"The Dominican!"

"Yes; a Dominican. Did you not say she would be glad to see her father? Well! her father came; he claimed her; and, though she was somewhat reluctant to quit the protection of our good sister the Prioress, he removed her in a small cabriolet, which

waited at the outer gate. Why! you seem displeased, Father Almoner?"

"No, brother, you have done your best, but——heaven has willed that we should continue in darkness! Holy God! the Dominican! There is such mystery envelopes that man, that all his acts are incomprehensible; each more inscrutable than the preceding."

St. Julien knew not what to think: he had heard all that related to the Dominican, and was much disposed to trace him, whatever might be the expence or trouble; but there was no clue to aid so intricate a research; the more past occurrences were scrutinized, the less chance appeared of their elucidation. Father Gregoire, nevertheless, entertained a hope, as the Dominican so often appeared, that he might, at some time, be compelled to account for his conduct. "Let us," said he, "leave the matter at rest for the present; such a character can-

not remain long concealed: probably we may find him, at a moment when he may consider himself most secure from discovery: tricks, such as his, must lead to detection, and to shame. But, let us change the subject: is Sister Louisa within?"

"There again is another most extraordinary case," answered the Prior: "she returned last night, and, on being asked where she had been, replied, that she had been in heaven! "If," said she, "the good almoner, Father Gregoire, should call again, tell him, that sister Louisa noticed him when he was at matins in the chapel; that she is gone for a while; but, that ere long, we shall meet again."

The mystery seemed rather to accumulate than to disperse; and the Almoner, after a variety of queries, to which the most vague replies were given, found himself more, and more, involved in doubt. He could not help wondering how sister Louisa should

know him; and how she could take upon her to assert that he should see her again; since it was perfectly uncertain how soon he might return to Corbiers, towards which he would immediately have bent his course, but for the presence of Monsieur St. Julien, and the precarious condition in which the Countess then lay at Geselbach.

The Doctor and Monsieur Pierard were thunderstruck, when they heard of the trick played by the Dominican: it was not until Father Gregoire made the most earnest protestations, that they could divest themselves of the idea of its being a joke, contrived between him and St. Julien; but, on perceiving it was too serious a matter to trifle with, they came to the immediate resolution of combining, for the purpose of over-reaching the crafty Dominican.

Avril shook his head when he heard them talking in that manner, as he was laying the supper table: St. Julien seeing, at once, that

he did not agree with the gentleman on that point, asked the African what he thought best to be done.

"Him Domimikum too much cunning: massa not catch him Domimikum!"

Father Gregoire could not help joining his friends in a smile, as Avril finished his pithy sentence; and declared he believed there was much truth in the assertion. "However," said he, "we can but try; for it is a shame to allow ourselves to be so over-reached, on every occasion, by a man whose character we so well understand."

"Many suggestions were started, but none that seemed likely to answer the intention: the only measure deemed worthy of adoption was, to place spies in the town of St. Gal; who, whenever they should find the Dominican beyond the pale of his monastery might seize, and conduct, him to Appenzel, under a warrant from the magistrates of the canton, where he should be compelled to account for his conduct; and to

surrender Paulina, unless he should prove his claim to the assumed title of parent.

Even in this, some difficulties arose; for no one knew his name: besides, it was probable that no magistrate would be found willing to arrest an ecclesiastic belonging to so powerful a body; especially upon bare suspicion, and without any crime being peremptorily laid to his charge.

Notwithstanding such cogent objections, Monsieur Pierard engaged to obtain the warrant; he making no doubt, that, when the whole case should be fairly stated, all the magistrates of the canton, with many of whom he was intimate, would contribute their aid towards its elucidation.

The following morning, St. Julien was introduced to the Countess; who was much recovered, and expressed great satisfaction at his kindness in journeying so far to meet her: the interview was not free from the intermixture of affliction with pleasure; every part of their conversation unavoidably had

some reference to the Count, and drew forth many a sorrowful ejaculation, accompanied by sighs, and looks, expressive of heart-rending anguish. St. Julien, however, detailed the military preparations with such spirit, that his sister gradually gained confidence, and appeared to cherish some hope of seeing Raymond once more in captivity.

The detachments from the several communities in a few days assembled near Walstat, where they put themselves under the orders of the officer who had undertaken the expulsion of Raymond's gang: the forces amounted to nearly three thousand; some of which might be denominated regulars; they consisting of men who had formerly been trained for the militia, and being commanded by persons who had served in regiments which had been in the pay of foreign powers. What the rest wanted in discipline, they made up in good will towards the popular cause.

But even such a force appeared scarcely

equal to the attack of a place so immensely strong, and defended by more than five hundred of the most determined ruffians; each of whom fought, according to the saying, with a halter round his neck. Of this the commander of the attack, (who, by way of distinction, was designated colonel by common consent of those who had placed themselves under his guidance, was perfectly sensible: he therefore took every pains to intimate, that to all such as should surrender within a given time, a full and unconditional pardon would be granted. But the success was by no means equal to his expectations: not a man came over.

Being informed that Raymond was extremely ill, the Colonel, as he was called, judged it expedient to procrastinate for a while; under the hope of the chief's demise; when he doubted not that many of the banditti would relax in their determination of abiding by his cause, and gladly avail themselves of the proferred amnesty.

Seeing that no immediate attack was made, and knowing that every day's delay contributed to perfect the discipline, and to augment the numbers, of his besiegers, Raymond gave orders that a sally should be made one night, when the clouds hung low, and obscured the atmosphere: Reignier was the leader on this occasion, and succeeded in penetrating on the left of the line, where he made no inconsiderable slaughter, and might have carried off many prisoners, had he not been more intent, both in pursuance of instruction, and from his own blood-thirsty disposition, upon extirpation. The darkness of the night, which had favoured his assault, was likewise friendly to the fugitives; who thus avoided the swords of their ferocious and unrelenting enemy.

The troops with which Albert Meuron and Robert served, were stationed on the right, and instantly, when the alarm was given, took to their arms. An express ar-

rived from the Colonel, who was in the centre, directing them to follow the guide he sent, bearing his letter, with the utmost celerity, and in perfect silence. The order was promptly obeyed; and the whole of the right wing moved by single files along a very narrow track, leading through a wilderness, and perpetually intersected by deep ravines, and irregular ridges of rock.

After labouring for full two hours in that manner, and seeing no prospect of arriving at the place of destination, Albert began to suspect they had been deceived, and that their guide was leading them to some ambush, where the whole would be sacrificed to the fury of Raymond's party.

Under this impression, he called a halt, and consulted with the other officers what should be done: many agreed in his opinion, and proposed instant retreat; others, on the contrary, were for proceeding at all hazards; observing, that it would be impossible for them to tread back their foot-

steps without the aid of their guide, who might, if so disposed, as easily lead them into the supposed snare, when they should believe themselves to be retreating.

The guide appeared to be a man of more than a middle age; he wore a large slouched hat, of which the sides were confined to his head by a large handkerchief, passing over the crown, and tied under the chin. On his feet were a pair of thick boots reaching up above the knee, and partly covering his pantaloons, which were of dark coloured cloth, and of a very coarse texture; his body was covered by a brown leathern jerkin; and over the whole he carried a compact cloak of russet cloth. He had no arms, but in one hand bore a large crab stick, and in the other a small bundle.

Many questions were put to him; to all which he made no answer, but, with a haggard smile, pointed forward; as though to direct their proceeding on their route. It was immediately suggested that he was dumb;

but it appeared very extraordinary, that the Colonel should have sent such a person as their guide.

Time was not to be lost; therefore it was indispensably necessary that some decision should take place: after a variety of opinions had been given, it was resolved that they should implicitly follow their guide, since it was obvious they had gone too far to recede; and, that, possibly, the fate of their comrades depended upon the exertions of the right wing.

Accordingly they again moved on, surmounting such obstacles as would have appalled men of less resolution; and after a most fatiguing march, of near four hours, found themselves on the borders of a stream, which was then very scanty, and flowed over a smooth bed of sand. Along this they marched for about half a mile, their guide having, by signs, enjoined the strictest silence.

By degrees the channel contracted, and,

in lieu of sand, they found the bed to be composed of gravel intermixed with shingle, and small fragments of stone. Arriving at a very narrow part, bounded on either side by rugged crags, they followed the devious course of the stream, wading in it up to the knees, until at last they entered a cavern, which in many parts was so low as to compel them to stoop considerably.

In this dark passage, the waters roared so loud as to render it impossible for any instructions to be heard; each had to grope his own way, following his leader as well as he could, until their guide, who was carefully secured by two stout soldiers, lest he should endeavour to effect his escape, stopped, and, turning short to the right, followed a passage which was excavated from the rock, and lighted by lamps: they now advanced with haste; their conductor urging, by the motion of his arms, that all should push forward with rapidity.

They were barely in time; a draw-bridge, that had been lowered for the purpose of passing out the detachment under Reignier, had been left in that state until he should return; the guard, on hearing the sounds of feet, challenged; no answer being given, they ran to the lever in order to raise the bridge, but it was too late; the assailants rushed on, and in a moment put the whole party to death: pursuing their success, they darted forward, and in a minute arrived at the large gallery in front of Raymond's suite of apartments.

The guide now produced a slip of paper, on which were directions to fire three guns, and to sound their bugles between each discharge, as a signal that they were in possession of the place: this was accordingly done, and occasioned those of the banditti who remained within the fortress to repair to their several alarm posts, in general beyond the inner draw-bridge; which being

now raised by the victorious troops, the few who guarded them were taken by surprise, and put to the sword.

The interior was thus perfectly occupied, the signals directed made, guards posted, and every precaution taken. The guide now conducted a small party down one of the vaulted passages leading to the mill; they, by lowering all the draw-bridges, affixing the several ladders, and leaving sufficient guards to which pass-words were given, soon arrived at the extremity of that outlet, where they found the Colonel, with the whole of his force, ready to enter the cavern: they proceeded to join the first party, taking care to secure every post as they approached the interior.

The several officers, with the exception of such as were stationed in the galleries, were assembled in the great hall, where a lamp was found burning on the table. Search was made in the apartment the Doctor had formerly occupied, but not a soul was found

within them. The guide smiled, and, pointing to the swing-door leading into the library, advanced towards it. The door was fast.

The Colonel looked at the guide, as though to learn his thoughts: the guide appeared disappointed.

"Is all secure in that quarter?" said the Colonel.

The guide nodded affirmatively.

"Then it matters not; we will soon overcome this impediment."

Saying this, the Colonel was about to call in a party for the purpose of forcing open the door, when the sound of withdrawing bolts attracted his attention: in a little while the passage was opened by an aged woman, who tremblingly, and in a low whisper, desired that no noise should be made. She advanced towards the centre of the hall, after closing the door in the most gentle manner, and was about to address herself to the Colonel, when, eying him as

stedfastly as her faculties, and the weak rays of the lamp permitted, she suddenly rushed towards him, and, as she threw her aged arms around his neck, completely lost all sense and motion.

"Poor Alice!" exclaimed the Colonel.

Two men immediately took up the old woman, and placed her on a bed in the adjoining apartment, where the usual means of recovery were immediately resorted to: in the mean time the Colonel, accompanied by Albert and the guide, passed into the library, in which a lamp was suspended from the ceiling, and a small wax taper stood upon one of the shelves: both were immediately lighted.

Taking the taper in his hand, the guide opened the door of the anti-chamber, in one corner of which a coffin was seen resting upon two chairs; over the back of a third hung a black pall: the lid of the coffin rested against the wall.

The guide stopped; he seemed to con-

sider these objects with much attention, and, as he looked towards the Colonel, his countenance appeared strongly tinged with apprehension and concern.

A deep groan was heard to proceed from the next apartment, followed by lamentations in a low tone: Albert was deeply affected, and advanced towards the door to listen. The guide made signs to the Colonel to go into the chamber whence the sounds proceeded: he did so; and, on opening the door, beheld Raymond reclined against the head of his bed, seemingly in the agonies of death.

On the further side sat Annette, her eyes fixed on Raymond; but, to all appearance, in a state approaching to insensibility: she did not notice the opening of the door, but Raymond, who was habitually vigilant, and then in a state of despair, raised himself nearly upright, and with great difficulty drew a sabre from behind the pillow that had supported his head. He exerted himself to assume

an offensive posture; but, owing to extreme debility, fell back, and appeared quite overcome with fatigue.

In the mean while, Annette had been roused from the state in which she was discovered, and had endeavoured to calm the agitation of her husband: nature, however, effected that which, it is probable, she would scarcely have been able to accomplish: Raymond lay subdued by the hand of fate, whose fiat was legibly written on his features. Yet, at some moments, he seemed to recover strength; and, if the fierce glances of his eye were to be accredited, would willingly have shortened even the small remnant of life in a struggle for liberty.

Seeing the Colonel approach, Annette quitted the side of the bed, and hastening towards him, implored him to have mercy on her husband: she appealed to his humanity, not to allow the dying hour to be disturbed!

fore me in all the arrogance of accidental triumph. Oh! that Father Gregoire were present!"

"Father Gregoire!—Who mean you? The Almoner of Corbiers?"

"The same: to him would I unfold a tale would freeze him to the marrow: but——"

"That same Father Gregoire is now at Geselbach; and, as the day is but dawning, if we dispatch a horseman, may arrive in a few hours."

"Quick then," said the Colonel; "let no time be lost in summoning the Almoner."

Albert went towards the door; but the guide, with a sudden motion, placed himself before it, and stopped his egress.

Albert was offended; and notwithstanding his wound, which often gave him considerable uneasiness, would have forced his way, had he not been restrained by respect for the Colonel. In the moment of anger

he placed his hand on his sword: the guide rested his chin on his staff, and smiled.

Annette, seeing the difficulty, approached, and would have persuaded the guide to quit his station; but all was in vain, he remained in the same position, and was not to be moved by her entreaties or remonstrances.

"Oh!" exclaimed Raymond, "that Father Anselmo could be found!"

The guide again smiled, and seemed to disregard the disappointment of the chief; while the Colonel paid great respect to him personally, and evidently allowed himself to be governed throughout by his dictates; if we may so call the instructions of one who appeared to be dumb, and, of course, must be supposed rather to be the approver, than the proposer, of such measures as were to be pursued.

Annette again applied in the most pathetic terms to the guide; who took her by the hand with much kindness, and pointing to a chair, seemed to advise her to be seated.

Albert was for violent measures, but the Colonel speedily silenced his clamours, by observing, that there were many hidden springs which had caused the late operations, and led to success; and that he himself was not as yet possessed of authority adequate to effecting the complete overthrow of the banditti. "Be temperate," added he, "leave matters to their proper course, and all will go right: attempt not to interfere with our guide, to whose zeal and fidelity our country is infinitely indebted."

The guide now quitted his station, and, advancing towards the stair-case which led down to the bath, knocked at the door three times distinctly. In a few seconds the steps of a person ascending were heard, and there appeared—Father Gregoire!

Albert was astonished; while the Colonel advanced towards him, and, in the most respectful manner, desired him to excuse the trouble given, for which no doubt the importance of the occasion would plead in

apology. The Almoner bowed, and immediately placing himself in a chair that stood near the head of the bed, addressed the chief, whose eye sparkled with delight on seeing him enter. Raymond seized his hand, and looking wistfully in his face, exclaimed: "Father, you are all goodness; you will forgive my trespasses against yourself: and I trust your prayers will render me acceptable to our merciful Creator. Oh! Father! I have much to reveal; much to expiate.

The Almoner was deeply impressed with the chief's situation, and with the terms in which the latter had addressed him: his fortitude, however, bore him up against the attack upon his feelings: he highly applauded the contrition of his communicant, and would have caused all present to retire, had not Raymond insisted to the contrary, and lamented there were so few present of those to whom his past actions related, to hear his open avowal, and to wit-

ness his sincere repentance of those sins which lay so heavy on his conscience.

He again lamented the absence of Father Anselmo: the guide smiled, and proceeding a second time to the door of the staircase, knocked three times with his stick, and, after a short pause, again three times.

A confused noise of footsteps was heard, and in a few minutes, during which all were wrapped in silent expectation, the door opened, when a man was led in, heavily laden with irons: it was the Dominican.

The guide eyed him askance with marked contempt and hatred, and resumed his station at the door of the anti-chamber; resting, as formerly, his chin upon the end of his staff.

The emotions of the several persons who were now assembled could claim no affinity: the chief appeared pleased; Annette was terrified; Father Gregoire was placid, but extremely thoughtful; and Albert was lost in admiration; while the Colonel looked with

eager curiosity in the guide's face, seeming to wait for an explanation, as to the manner in which the Dominican had been thus unexpectedly produced.

After looking around him, particularly at the fetters and chains worn by the prisoner, Raymond desired Annette to assist him, that he might sit more upright in the bed: that being done, he requested of Father Gregoire, the Colonel, and Albert, to range themselves on one side of the bed, and patiently to attend to what he had to state; which was as follows.

"Sensible that my soul is on the wing, and being desirous, so far as may be possible, to atone for those crimes which, while they have caused in me the utmost inquietude, teemed with injury towards not only the community at large, but even to those whom I ought to have held most dear; it shall be the duty of my last moments to confess my own trangressions, and

to relieve the sufferings of those who have been affected by my evil conduct.

"A gleam of joy brightens this sad moment, when I see before me that man who first seduced me from the paths of honour; when I see him conjured up, as it were, to my view, and in that disgraceful durance from which he has been too long exempt! What, villain! cannot the curses of your victim, as he lies bleeding under your cruel grasp; cannot the recollection of those horrid counsels which issued from those baneful lips; cannot these blood-stained hands appal thee! Oh! cursed hypocrite! Oh! foul murderer!"

Raymond paused awhile; he was faint, but his eye, as it often glanced upon the Dominican, who appeared perfectly indifferent to what was said, indicated the state of his mind: at length, he desired Annette to open a secret slide under the beam of the bedstead, and to take out a bunch of large

keys: one of which he selected; and desired that the lid of the coffin, which stood in the next room, should be brought in.

" Father Almoner; have the goodness to witness one of that wretch's murders: it is inscribed on that plate."

Father Gregoire advanced towards the guide who held the lid, on which was an escutcheon, bearing the following inscription: " Sacred to the memory of Jean, Robert, Count de St. Hilaire, who departed this life on the 1st day of August, 1791."

The priest was unmanned; his agitation was extreme. " Poor man!" said he, as the tear started from his eye.

You may well weep, Father! but if the fate of him you deplore so betrays the softness of your heart, how must it prove the hardness of mine!—But I feel the current of life fast ebbing; we must be quick: here, Annette, take this key and open the iron chest.

Annette touched a secret spring behind

the head of the bed, when immediately a door, close to its right side, was loosened: a large iron chest was seen; which being unlocked, was, by the aid of Pierre, opened, and discovered a roll of paper lying at the top of a number of bags that appeared to be full of money.

"Here," said Raymond, "is another record of that monster's villainy: read the superscription."

The Almoner read aloud: it was the will of Jean, Robert, Count de St. Hilaire, in favour of his brother the Chevalier Frederic St. Hilaire.

The priest frowned, the Dominican exclaimed, "Fool!" and the guide smiled.

This was a thunder-stroke! for not only did it appear that the Count had been murdered, but that the whole of his property would be transferred, under a legal deed, to a brother who it was suspected had, more than once, attempted the Count's life.

"Where is that Frederic St. Hilaire?"

"Patience, Father; you shall hear of him in good time.—Well—Anselmo! these were your counsels—hoary impostor! But heaven has ordained that they should be defeated, and their author, the pious, devout, holy, charitable, Father Anselmo, the wolf in sheep's clothing, should be foiled in his iniquitous career; and that he should suffer under those laws he has so long evaded.

"My soul shudders at the disgusting scene which now must be offered to the view of all assembled. Annette, you recollect that when first brought hither, a dismal dungeon was your melancholy abode. These two keys appertain to the locks on its door. If Stephano be yet at hand, he will shew the way. Let it be opened; and, should the divine power have there interposed to counteract that villain's designs, let its contents be brought hither with all speed."

Annette was about to pass out at the door of the anti-chamber, when the guide stop-

ped her; seeming, by his gestures, to demand the keys.

"You cannot," said she, "do what is required."

The guide gently took the keys from her hand, and quitted the chamber.

"I fear," said Raymond, "he will make some mistake, and time is precious."

"You need not doubt him," answered the Colonel, "he undertakes nothing but what he executes. He is not a man of words; but his actions are all to the purpose."

Seeing that Raymond was greatly fatigued, Annette tendered to him a cordial, of which he partook sparingly: by its influence he was enabled to bear up against the return of the guide, who, as he approached, threw open the several doors, and preceded four men, who slowly advanced, bearing on a small bier what appeared to be a corpse.

The bier was set down by the side of

Raymond's bed: the Almoner passed round to examine what was on it. He saw a ghastly figure, whose withered limbs, and hollow eyes, seemed to announce approaching dissolution. Though borne down by weakness, the poor sufferer still retained his faculties. Unable to raise himself, but fixing his eyes on the Almoner, and holding forth his arms, as though to embrace him, he faintly pronounced, "Father Gregoire!"

The Almoner was amazed; he looked steadfastly in the poor man's face, but without recognizing him.

"What!" said Raymond eagerly, "is the Count yet living?"

In a moment the Almoner fell on his knees, embraced his friend, and, with his face bedewed with tears, offered up to the throne of mercy a fervent supplication for his recovery. Raymond's eye was likewise moist; he clasped his hands, and drawing them to his breast, exclaimed, "God be praised!"

The Count made signs for some drink: Annette handed the cordial to the priest; the Count slowly sipping of it, felt it relieve him considerably.

"Alas," said he, "four days have passed without the smallest sustenance: a few hours more, and I should have been numbered with the dead! Raymond! Raymond! what could induce you to use me thus cruelly? Say, where, when, or how, did I offend you?"

"I know not," answered Raymond; "that foul fiend prompted me to effect your destruction: for ten long years, and more, you have been encompassed by snares, from which Providence alone could have preserved you. Villains are cowards; else you had never lived to marry."

Father Gregoire seemed suddenly to recollect some former circumstances in the Count's life, which tallied with the sense of what Raymond had expressed: he turned to the chief, and in a mild, but earnest tone, enquired whether he alluded to that

violent illness under which the Count suffered about a year previous to his nuptials?

"Even so, Father: the Count had swallowed poison, mixed in his coffee by a menial who had been gained over to his, God forgive me, I should say to *our*, purpose, by means of bribes, and the promise of complete absolution. Say, caitiff! is it not true?"

The Dominican smiled sarcastically, but spoke not. Raymond continued his confession.

"You had once a secretary named Emanuel Fourche?"

"True," answered the Count, in a low tone, and sighing as the response was given.

"He was murdered," rejoined Raymond.

The Count slowly waved his head, to express his acknowledgment of the fact, and his sorrow for the young man's fate.

"Do you know who wounded him?" said Raymond.

"That," said Father Gregoire, "has never come to light."

"Then, you shall now see him." As he said this, he cast his eyes towards the Dominican, who appeared to change colour, but still preserved the affectation of innocence; as the chief raised his hand to point towards him, the guide eagerly stepped forward.

"The Dominican, Father Anselmo; even he who now stands before you: he, I say, murdered the innocent, pious, unsuspecting Emanuel."

The whole party were struck with horror; but the emotion of the guide was particularly conspicuous: he first started from the side of Anselmo; but, recovering himself, planted his staff with vehemence on the floor, at the same time throwing his head round so as to stare him full in the face: Anselmo was evidently abashed; he looked downwards, seeming to acknowledge the justice of the accusation.

"Father Almoner, there was a young man who married your niece, and in whom you placed much confidence: if I err not, you established him in business at Lyons."

"True, son; you mean the unfortunate Chaunet: he died a few days ago at Corbiers within my arms."

"Say, Father, did he confess his sins? Alas, he was heavily burthened! But why say he, when his villainies were perpetrated under the invention and guidance of Anselmo. I pant to hear what in the hour of death he could not fail to disclose: tell me, I beseech you, did he——?"

Raymond's utterance was impeded by his agitation; he looked earnestly at the Almoner; who, in a few words, stated the intention Chaunet certainly had entertained, but was unable to effect.

"Ah, Father; 'twas he who, as you returned one night from St. Dennis towards Corbiers, darted from behind an oak, and with an axe gave you that wound on the

forehead: hearing the boughs move behind him, his guilty conscience was alarmed, and he fled. 'Twas he who gave the blow; but 'twas Father Anselmo who gave both the instructions and the absolution."

"We have certainly," said the Count, "much thanksgiving to offer up to that protecting power, which shielded us from such a desperate assassin: but tell me, Raymond, what prompted you to this last attack?"

"Your property! Have you not resigned it by that will? After your death it was my intention to have quitted the profession of arms, and to have passed the remainder of my days in my native country. Fool that I am; with such a thorn within my bosom, what would riches have availed?"

"But," asked the priest, "your plan was of some standing; you say indeed of ten years: it therefore must appear strange that you too remained so long intent on one project."

"Father, I had often relinquished it; and as often had determined to seek for

consolation in the bosom of religion; but that monk, that hell-hound, that—— Oh! how shall I find a name for such a mass of infamy—he perpetually goaded me—nay, he threatened unless I went on to accomplish his purpose, that the law should wreak its vengeance on my guilty head!"

"You say *his* purpose: explain; methought the Count's property was your object."

"That was *my* object; but that subtle Dominican was actuated by ambition."

"I understand you not! You surely waver in your deposition."

"No, Father; I repeat it; Anselmo was actuated by ambition. I had married his daughter, who bore a lovely girl, which, after reaching her sixth year, was suddenly missing. Before that time every artifice had been employed, and every threat held out, to make my wife become the tool of our designs. She was, however, neither to be intimidated, nor persuaded; but, finding

we were determined on your destruction, wrote to her brother, then secretary to the Count, and, by a feigned plea of illness, induced him to proceed to Constance.

"There she revealed to him the dangers which awaited his employer, and urged him to return to Le Puys, for the purpose of warning him thereof. Father Anselmo, suspecting her design, contrived by listening to become acquainted with their secret; and in the disguise of a pedlar, accompanied by Chaunet, followed Emanuel through the Cantons: he saw him stop at your chapel. Suspecting that you would be acquainted with the plot, Chaunet was left to dispatch you; while the hardened Anselmo watched Emanuel, and, as he was about to enter the park, stabbed him to the heart.

"My wife not receiving any letter, as had been settled she should, was uneasy; especially as her father had been so long absent: she suspected him, and on his return boldly challenged him with the crime. Anselmo

for a while was passive under her reproaches, but at length turned upon her suddenly, and but for my interference would have added the destruction of his amiable daughter, to the too long catalogue of his crimes: she fled, I knew not whither, and was for full nine years concealed from me: to add to my misery, my child was the next day missing: from that time I know not what became of her."

"How do you place this to the score of ambition?" said the Count, in a tone scarcely audible.

"Right," answered Raymond. "Anselmo, the meek, lowly, humble Anselmo, panted to see his daughter ranked among the nobility of France: when dignity could be acquired, the price was not of consideration: to gratify his wishes, he would wade through seas of blood."

"I do not understand," said the Almoner, "how the Dominican could have be-

come noble in consequence of the Count's death."

Raymond looked steadfastly at the Count, his eyes overflowing with tears, and suddenly holding forth his arms, threw himself upon the bier, exclaiming, "By the murder of my—brother!"

Father Gregoire was electrified; he hastened to the assistance of the Chief, who fell senseless by the side of his brother: while the latter, as though *instinctively*, folded Raymond *in his shrunken* embrace, and subsided, as he fondly acknowledged the claim to fraternity. After this recognition, during which the Count was in extacy, Raymond was replaced on his bed, and thus continued.

"My mind is now easier; but there yet remains a load which I fear can be removed only by Anselmo: possibly he may feel for my present condition, and by acknowledging the truth, enable my brother to evince his

forgiveness of my trespasses, by granting his protection to my unfortunate child. Can you, Anselmo, so far deviate from that infamous track which you have hitherto followed, and deign to grant to your dying friend—Oh! that I should so have considered myself!—I say, will you grant me the consolation of hearing for once the truth from that perjured tongue?"

"Proceed, son!"

"Oh! that I had never been your son!—Ah! that pang gives warning to my fluttering soul, and——Oh!——say, but truly say, Anselmo, what is become of my daughter?"

"She is dead."

"Heaven's will be done: I did not merit such a jewel!—She is among her sister innocents in heaven, and may even now await to receive——Oh! I shudder at the thought—yet—let me hope the Almighty will accept my sincere repentance, and pardon all my sins. Annette, I married you

within these caverns! It was impossible to see you, and to know your worth, without duly appreciating it. At that time I knew not that Anselmo's daughter was in existence: nearly ten years had elapsed without my being able to obtain intelligence as to her fate; on that sad night she re-appeared: but, alas! poor soul! how changed!—Think not, Annette, that I was bent on deception; but concealment of our nuptials was requisite; lest Anselmo should attempt your life. Know you, Anselmo, ought of that poor maniac's fate?"

"She died some months ago at Lyons."

The chief sighed—"Peace be to her shade!"

The guide smiled: and proceeding a third time to the head of the stairs, knocked against the door with his staff, three times—again three times—and again three times.

The scarcely audible sounds of footsteps attracted the attention of all: the door opened, and there entered a female, whose

figure was concealed by a loose robe of grey russet; while a large cowl that was drawn over her head, served, in addition to a black veil, to prevent her features from being distinguished.

All were silent: the guide approached the female, and made signs to her to kneel at the side of the bed, where the Almoner and his companions were arranged: she did so. The chief was in painful suspense.

"What can this mean? Say—is this Marguarite? Speak, I beseech you!"

"Marguarite! What Marguarite?" exclaimed the Almoner.

Raymond was impatient; he started up, and snatched the cowl from the female's head—the veil at the same moment fell and discovered Paulina; bearing the agnus suspended from her neck. The poor girl fell senseless, as the melancholy scene presented itself to her streaming eyes. Annette and the Almoner supported her, while the chief, seeing the agnus, seized it with both

hands, and, as he pressed it to his lips, fainted on the bosom of his lovely daughter.

The Count was not less agitated, and would willingly, had his strength permitted, have locked his niece within his arms. The guide appeared divided between extacy and anxiety: he went round to the bed-side, and aided to restore Paulina to her senses.

While this was passing, the Dominican's countenance underwent a thousand changes; he trembled, and a cold dew stood upon his audacious front. As the chief recovered, he turned to the hateful monk, and, without speaking, pointed to Paulina; as though to reproach him for the falsehood he had just uttered. The Count frowned, and averted himself from so disgusting an object: he viewed the unhappy girl with unbounded affection, while she alternately knelt before both him and her father, to receive their blessings: at length the chief addressed the monk.

"After so gross, so cruel, and so una-

vailing a falsehood, it is impossible, Anselmo, that I should place confidence in your assertion regarding the fate of Marguarite. Yet, before I depart from this world, it would prove a consolation to know, either that she were no longer a wanderer, destitute of every comfort, and bereft of intellect; or that death had terminated her unmerited sufferings, and the grave afforded her that asylum which was denied to her while living. Once more, Anselmo, I conjure you, I entreat you, by every hope you have of a remission of that dread punishment that now awaits your sinful soul—tell me—does Marguarite yet live?"

"Solemnly I declare she does not!"

The guide smiled contemptuously, and turning towards the door of the anti-chamber, which was closed, scratched against it three times with the end of his staff.—No one appeared, nor was any response given: he repeated the signal, with no better success: he then listened attentively; when,

hearing nothing, he opened the door, and, passing into the anti-chamber, closed it after him.

During his absence Paulina endeavoured to comfort her father, and to cherish in him the hope of recovery; but she knew not how much the springs of life were exhausted. In regard to her uncle, she could more reasonably indulge an expectation of the return of health; since he was only weakened by want of nourishment, that had been totally withheld, that his corpse, which it was intended should have been buried at St. Gal, might appear unblemished; so as to remove every suspicion of his having been destroyed by violence. Father Gregoire, and the Lieutenant, did not omit to congratulate Paulina on her miraculous deliverance from the Dominican's intrigues; and she found in the amiable Annette a friend, whose heart vibrated in unison with her own.

The Dominican, seeing them all engaged

in this manner, thought it possible to withdraw unperceived, and thus to effect his escape: with this intent he moved silently towards the door of the staircase, but, to his surprise, it was fast! he then proceeded towards the door of the anti-chamber, and was on the point of opening it, when suddenly a shriek from within arrested his progress, and attracted the attention of the whole party.

The door was thrown open, and there appeared a nun, who, rushing in, screamed in the most horrid manner, following the Dominican, as he retired to the opposite side of the apartment: there he threw his cowl over his head, and leaned against the wall.

At the first glance he perceived that it was his daughter! In an instant the chief recognised his lost wife; Father Gregoire knew her to be the unhappy Marguarite who had fled from the abbey of St. Dennis; and Paulina's heart, by it's forcible vibra-

tions, seemed to acknowledge the presence of a parent.

The nun had followed the Dominican until he could recede no further: she tore his cowl from his head, and, seizing him by the border of his habit, seemed to threaten his destruction.

"She lives, villain! Marguarite lives, to confront the perjured Anselmo, and to expose him to a deluded world. Oh! that my voice were thunder, that the universe might hear my accusations; and that my eyes were lightnings, to consume thy wicked heart! Heaven has long tolerated thy career, thy vicious pursuits; but it's eye has watched thy every motion, seen into every thought, and made thee plot thine own destruction.

"The all merciful God has made Marguarite the instrument of his wrath, and selected her to punish a base hypocrite, a foul deceiver, and a cruel parent. She has been appointed to uphold that sanguinary

monster, Father Anselmo, before an enraged world, and to consign him to his merited punishment.

"When Anselmo heard of Raymond's imprisonment, he flew to seize upon his long lost child, and thus impose upon mankind! 'Twas Anselmo plotted how to seize his benefactor, and who penned a deed to rob his family of all inheritance! 'Twas Anselmo locked the dungeon where the noble Count was left to languish, in all the wretchedness of pain and famine! Yet Marguarite was ever at thy side, Anselmo, she was thy shadow. Say, man! say, devil! didst thou suppose that Providence could sleep, or that the omnipotent guardian of virtue could tolerate such crimes, but as they led to good? Hadst thou latterly refrained from vice, Paulina had been lost to me for ever; my wretched husband never had seen his brother, nor would this den of thieves and murderers have been taken and destroyed!"

Marguarite was overcome by fatigue and agitation: she had barely strength to seat herself on the bed, where, lifting her robe to her eyes, she gave vent to her tears. Paulina flew to embrace her knees, while Father Gregoire endeavoured to console her, by the consideration that her sufferings were now concluded, and that her amiable daughter would thenceforth be a staff and a comfort to her; that she would even retire with her to St. Dennis; and——

"Hold, Father Gregoire!" exclaimed Marguarite; "my mind has pledged her as the reward of virtue; as the reward of valour; as the reward of patriotism. Paulina! even at the moment when I recover you, I am compelled by gratitude, by a vow I made at the altar, before I left the sacred asylum, where, under the assumed name of Louisa, I beheld the crafty Dominican purloining my only jewel; I say, there did I solemnly swear to offer thy hand to that man who should serve his

country in this arduous cause, and restore thee to my longing arms.—Take her, Pierre; may the Omnipotent shower blessings on ye!"—

Annette now discovered that the Colonel was no other than her old acquaintance, who had been treacherously stabbed by the Dominican at the dinner table, in consequence of the latter being irritated at a remark made by the young officer, which seemed to convey an accusation of his acting unbecoming the sacred habit he wore. She now poured forth her thanks for his kind intentions at a former period; and, leading him to the bed-side, caused her husband to embrace him, and to forgive the injury he had sustained.

The Count embraced Pierre as his deliverer; and all, save the Dominican, were partaking of that happiness resulting from perfect reconciliation, when Alice, who was now perfectly recovered, came to the door of the antichamber, and announced that an

officer who had accompanied Albert, wished to make a report to the Colonel.

Pierre instantly quitted the apartment, while Alice entered: seeing Annette in safety, and that the Count was brought from his dungeon, she gave a loose to joy; which was not diminished by her remarking that the Dominican was at last detected, and likely to receive that punishment due to his crimes. Marguarite embraced Alice with unfeigned regard, and acquainted Father Gregoire that she had been greatly instrumental towards the success of the late plot.

"The worthy Alice," said she, "has been all along privy to our intentions: she was the first person I met within these horrid vaults. Having left St. Dennis and proceeded to St. Gal, in hopes that the report of my death might induce Anselmo to draw Paulina from the place in which he had secreted her; as a confirmation of that report, I secretly sent a small sum, which

had been long in reserve, to the worthy lady Abbess, that prayers might be offered up at stated periods for the repose of my soul.

"But that villainous Dominican, whose innate cunning seemed to preclude every hope of my succeeding, for a long time baffled every attempt: at length, I traced him to the mill on the Rhine, where a large portion of the wall gave way at his approach, and, to my astonishment, closed so soon as he had entered. It was in vain I searched for the hidden spring which yielded to his will; but, knowing that Raymond's gang harboured about these rocks, and having no doubt that Paulina was concealed within their bosom, I resolved to gain an entrance by some circuitous channel.

"After many days of ineffectual toil, during which I chiefly subsisted on the wild medlar, and the frost bitten moss that clings to every stone, I saw a fox bearing off a pullet, which seemed to have

been recently taken. It instantly struck me, that by following the prints of the animal's feet along the crags, which were then covered with a white frost, they would doubtless lead me to some spot whence I could find the means of entrance.

"Imagine my surprise when, after tracing the marks for about a quarter of a mile, overcoming obstacles, and disregarding dangers, which at any other time would have appeared insurmountable, I gained the summit of that tremendous promontory overlooking the lake of Constance. There I sat unobserved, beheld the guards at the various outposts, and examined, so far as I could venture, without being discovered, the several beaten tracks among the crags.

"Favoured by the light of the moon, I descended from the summit; and, after falling several times in consequence of the frost, found myself upon an open area, where was a seat of stone. At the opposite end was an arched way; into which it would

have been imprudent for me to enter. On the left was a precipice, having below it a square cavity, or area, among the rocks. Seeing a path, which appeared to lead down to it, I descended; and, after a while, arrived at a burial place: I ascended again; but, in lieu of going to the spot I had just quitted, turned to a different direction, and followed a path that led me into another area, in which was a small grotto having a passage at either extremity.

"'Twas there I first saw Alice, who was employed in setting to rights some furniture, glasses, &c., that indicated past festivity: the poor woman fainted when she beheld me; however, by means of some liquors left upon the table, she was revived, and enabled to answer my questions.

"In brief, we soon became acquainted; she wept for my misfortunes; and, pointing out a very narrow fissure among the cliffs, after presenting me with some refreshment, advised me to retire thither, and to remain

until night-fall on the succeeding evening; when she would meet me at a small cavern, formed by some great convulsion of the elements.

"The good soul was punctual to her time; she informed me that she was likewise in the confidence of a family, which, having some years before retired to a little cottage near Feldkirk, to avoid the consequences of a failure in mercantile speculation, had been seized upon by Raymond; who judged it best to have a surgeon in the place, and scrupled not to force the ill-fated Monsieur Vaison, who had been bred to that profession, to live within the caverns. Fearful of his escape, he had taken also his wife and nephew, the latter an officer in the cavalry; detaining the whole as mutual hostages.

"Alice likewise stated there was a young woman in the place, who, from the description given, I concluded must be my own daughter; but my soul shrunk within me at

the idea of that incestuous connection subsisting between her and Raymond. Having detailed to me what related to the Vaisons, Alice introduced me to their nephew Pierre; with whom I concerted means for the escape of the whole, and for carrying off my supposed daughter.

"When therefore I first saw Annette, can it appear surprising that I should threaten her destruction? God knows what I felt as the poignard was raised to pierce her bosom; but that same unerring spirit ordained that my intended victim should escape! Happily, as my mind became more tranquil, I began to doubt whether it could be my Paulina who shared the bed of Raymond; when not being able to trace the features of my beloved daughter, and Doctor Vaison having unfolded to me several traits which confirmed those doubts, a hope yet remained that my husband was, at least, exempt from so horrid an imputation.

"But to return to the Dominican's con-

duct. Scarcely had I been fully acquainted by the worthy Alice with the history and state of the banditti, before she discovered to me, that, in order to strengthen the bondage of the kind and honourable Vaison, Anselmo had written a letter to Corbiers, feigning that the Doctor was at the point of death at Feldkirk, and urging his brother-in-law Monsieur Lorrain to repair thither without delay. The monk further directed, that if he did not find him at Feldkirk, he should proceed to Ems, passing by the place where the cottage had formerly stood. The real intention of Raymond's journey was to have entrapped Monsieur Lorrain; and, either to have detained him also, or to have procured a large sum for his liberation.

"There was no time to be lost, nor was there any hope, after the deportment of Annette towards the Vaisons, that she would join in the plot: we were therefore compelled to force her away; and to leave poor Alice, who was too infirm to under-

take such a journey. The cries heard on our way through the wood, proceeded from a party who had been dispatched by Raymond to lay in wait for Monsieur Lorrain; they had mistaken the ford of the Rhine, and were, with the exception of one man, drowned: to that accident their victim may attribute his escape.

"Hearing that Raymond was wounded, and a prisoner in Geselbach, I repaired to that town; and, fortunately, was employed to nurse him: he reproached me with my treachery, but so solemnly did he call heaven to witness his firm intention of reforming, and of passing his latter days in the cloister, that I resolved to collect his friends, and to arrange a plan for his escape. As a prelude, it was agreed that he should appear dissatisfied with me, and forbid me the prison: in the meanwhile, every thing was concerted for his rescue.

"You may recollect, Annette, the warning you received from me.—Did not I tell

you truth? Was you not rejoiced to see Raymond? and did not the following day bring trouble?"

Annette sighed!

"But," replied she, "you also warned me when Doctor Vaison was in my apartment."

"No," said Raymond, "it was I that warned you:—that apartment was allotted to you, because, whatever was spoken therein could be heard in this chamber. The Doctor's words came hither to my ear, and by means of a secret tube, I cautioned you not to listen to him. Besides, I knew at the moment that Madame was jealous, and intended your ruin."

"Yet," said Annette, "I cannot imagine how all the circumstances of this night were brought about!"

"That you shall know," said Marguarite. "A postilion of Monsieur Le Brun's, who had been discharged at Geselbach, proceeded to Appenzel, where he accosted me in the street, in such manner as con-

vinced me he was a stranger in that part of the country. I had during that day resorted to the convent of the Beguines.

"On the following morning we again met, when he stated that he was employed by a Dominican to drive him in a small close cabriolet to Lucerne. I interrogated him as to the person and business of the person by whom he was employed; and was soon convinced that it could be no other than Father Anselmo! As to the occasion of his journey nothing could be discovered. But as Ambrose informed me that the real designation of his late master was Count de St. Hilaire, I doubted not but that his destruction was at hand.

"The postilion had, however, described sufficient to awaken my curiosity, and to induce my offering him as liberal a reward as my means should allow, if he would watch the priest's motions very closely. I was the more induced to this from having heard it whispered among the sisters, during the preceding evening, that a young woman

had been discovered, who was said to be closely related to the captain of banditti.

"After the most solemn assurances of vigilance and fidelity, Ambrose departed. At the end of a few days he returned, and stated that the Dominican had apparently been disappointed; but that he had been very sedulous in watching the progress of a coach in which was a young woman, an elderly gentleman, the officer who was wounded at the shepherd's cottage, and a young person who had accompanied Monsieur Le Brun, and had also been wounded on the same occasion.

"I had not the smallest doubt but that Anselmo had discovered Paulina; and, as Ambrose assured me the carriage had stopt at the house of Monsieur Pierard at Geselbach, I determined to avail myself of the first moment, when the Prioress should be engaged, to proceed, by a short path through the woods, to that place. On arriving at Geselbach I learnt that Father Gregoire, whom I had recognised as he attended

matins in the chapel, had proceeded to Appenzel, with the young woman in question, and whose endearing name, Paulina, expressed with admiration by all, sank deep into my heart, and caused me to return towards Appenzel, by the same track I had followed the preceding morning. I was so weak that it was late before I entered Geselbach; nor did I reach Appenzel the next day before twilight.

"Merciful heaven! how shall I describe the anguish I felt when informed by Ambrose, whom I met at the skirts of the town, that the Dominican had proceeded to our convent, in which my beloved daughter had been lodged by the worthy Almoner but a few hours before, and, by claiming her as his offspring, had borne away my darling child! Oh! it was an age of agony!

"My first care was to ascertain the route Anselmo had taken: Ambrose's answers to my queries fully convinced me that the

subtle priest had followed the route towards Walstat; doubtless with the view to conceal her within these caverns. No time was to be lost. I returned to the convent, and taking with me this disguise, in which I had chiefly subsisted as a forester, during the interval that elapsed between my escape from the fortress, and my admission among the Beguines, hastened to pursue my villainous parent.

"The preparations for attacking the fortress, fortunately, rendered it necessary for Anselmo to proceed with great caution. He was compelled to take a circuitous track; in which his carriage, now driven by one attached to his interests, could scarcely make any progress. Thus was I enabled to overtake him just as the vehicle was crossing a small brook, on the borders of which stood the cottage of a humble peasant, who sat at the door, surrounded by a groupe of lovely innocents. I ran to the hut, and in a few words disclosed my

sex, and the cause of my disguise. I entreated the old man's aid; but he was too feeble, or too unwilling, to aid my purpose. Seeing a sabre hanging from a beam within the door, I snatched it from the hook, and, urged by despair, rushed towards the driver, who fell beneath my weapon's edge.

"Anselmo was surprised and daunted. His coward soul trembled at the approach of danger, and urged him to flight. Paulina fainted! It was now that love, maternal love, proclaimed her power! Embracing my senseless daughter, my spirits fled, and I lay in raptures beside my long lost child.

"Turning, to observe his pursuer, Anselmo noticed the check which nature had given to my arm: the bleeding sabre had fallen from my hand, when that villain—say monster, is it not true?—that villain stole towards us, and had already raised his murderous hand to immolate me at the shrine of guilt, when, suddenly, an aged man, bearing in his only hand a glittering

sword, darted forth from the cottage, and rushed between us.

" Anselmo's frame betrayed his fears: he shrunk within himself, and seemed to eye his new assailant with dread and supplication. My deliverer was equally affected, but it was with astonishment. Raising his eyes to heaven, as his glowing weapon was averted from it's aim, he exclaimed ' The Dominican!!!'

" Nor was I less surprised, when, in the person of my deliverer, I recognized the individual who had engaged me to nurse my wounded husband. Paulina recovered during this interesting and critical period: she was prompt in acknowledging those emotions created both by the awful occasion, and by the remembrance of those features on which her infancy had doated.

" Oh! what a contrast! The father of Marguarite abashed, and dismayed, at that happiness, that boundless extacy, which pervaded her very soul, as she cherished

that type of excellence which sought an asylum in her arms."

During this recital Annette wept; the Chevalier appeared in deep thought; the Count clasped his hands, seeming to admire the fortitude of Marguarite; and the Dominican was evidently much confused. Nor was Paulina less affected than her relatives: a thousand times she pressed the Chevalier's hand to her lips, while her streaming eyes displayed that mixture of joy, and of anxiety, which mingled in her tender heart.

At length Annette recovered sufficiently to enquire what had become of her parent.

"He is safe," said Marguarite; "the worthy Philip is in no danger. When he came to my aid, he was weak and pallid; yet was he able to overcome that wretch, whose blood congealed at the approach of virtue. Your parent lost no time in securing the blood-thirsty Anselmo, who was immediately conveyed to the camp near

Walstat, in which he remained during that and the following day.

"The body of his driver was his companion: it was soon recognised to be that villain Stephano, who had for years been the murderous tool of Raymond, and was the sham priest that married him to Annette."

"He merited his fate," said the Count, "it was with seeming delight he announced that which then awaited me. But, brother, we will forget our animosities, and in future vie in acts of kindness."

"Brother!" exclaimed Marguarite. "Just God! can this be the Count de St. Hilaire!!!"

"Even so," answered the Count, mournfully.

The Chevalier bent down his head, and, as the blush of contrition warmed his withered cheek, uttered a heavy sigh.

"Who shall controul the ways of Providence!" said Marguarite. "My exertions then were vain; you fell into the snare."

"What exertions?" replied the Count.

"The worthy Alice reported to me, that, about a month ago, much conversation had passed between Anselmo, and my husband, regarding my brother-in-law; also that both were about to proceed to the capital of France, for the purpose of accusing him before the new government, of secret endeavours to undermine the security of the state. Understanding that you was then at Paris, I wrote under cover to a friend, cautioning you as to the plot in agitation; and, directing, that, if you should have left Paris, my letter should be directed to your steward Le Puy; from whose hands it was probable you would receive it safe. Doubtless, from what I now see, my letter miscarried.''

The Count was much agitated: he now recollected the letter which had been seen at Geneva; and lamented that he had not summoned up resolution sufficient to demand it of the office-keeper. Upon further

reflection, however, he considered that circumstance to have been peculiarly fortunate, since it had led to a termination of those difficulties which had often burthened his mind; while, at the same time, the unhappy course in which his brother had too long indulged, seemed likely to be quitted, for more secure, as well as more honourable, pursuits.

"I cannot yet understand many parts of Marguarite's narration, nor of the reasons for your having confined Annette in that loathsome dungeon."

"Brother, it would require much time to state all the particulars on which Marguarite's conduct has been founded: they are, however, well known to Annette; who, when I may have retired from this world of troubles, will aid in detailing them to you; so that nothing may be left unexplained. Suffice it to say, that the person who was known to her by the name of Letour, was no other than the Chevalier de Meuron."

Albert started! "The Chevalier de Meuron!—my long lost parent!—say,—speak, Raymond! tell me I conjure you what is become of him?—where is he?"

"He was my bosom-friend," answered the Chevalier, "but, unhappily, we were alike addicted to gambling. Having lost our last Louis, we were compelled to support ourselves by levying contributions upon our neighbours. For some time we succeeded, and were far from being suspected; but some untoward circumstances attracted the attention of the magistrates, who caused us to be apprehended. Driven to despair, we made a most determined resistance, and, after a desperate struggle, escaped from the hands of justice to these mountains; where we joined a hardy band of marauders who had, with great labour, constructed this impenetrable fortress. My exploits soon attracted their notice, and I was chosen to be the head of their association.

"It was an invariable regulation that no

women should be allowed admission among us. That regulation had been twice broken by Meuron. He again defied our laws, and, notwithstanding all I could urge, invaded the peace of a worthy family, by seducing the amiable Annette from her happy abode. When it was announced to me that she was within the caverns, and in a state of insensibility, I caused her to be conveyed to that dungeon, as the most secure place in which she could be deposited.

"Meuron was not long in discovering where she was concealed, and, in the most abandoned, licentious manner, treating my authority with contempt, was proceeding to force his way into the dungeon, when I arrived in time to arrest his progress. His heated spirit was uncontroulable! In the moment of exasperation he drew forth a pistol, and levelled it at my breast. I endeavoured to disarm him, but in vain: he retained a firm hold of the weapon, which, as he fell in our contest, went off, and

lodged it's contents in his body. He was taken to the armoury, where in a few minutes he expired!"

"Poor Meuron!" exclaimed the Count. Albert was overpowered with grief, and sank nearly senseless into a chair.

"Are you certain," said the Count, "that Philip was in every instance correct? his conduct appears liable to much suspicion; and yet——"

"He is innocent," replied the Chevalier. "Philip is a hero! Ah! how shall I requite his kindness, his fidelity! Would to God I could say they were duly bestowed! But, brother, your forgiveness will ease my fall, and silence every groan."

"Really," said Father Gregoire, "Philip's whole conduct seems very contradictory to what you have uttered: to say the least, his following you from Geselbach was highly criminal."

"By no means, Father;" answered the Chief: "he was not privy to the rescue;

in lieu of aiding therein, he exerted himself, in the most determined manner, to prevent my escape. When, in consequence of my weakness, our party slackened their pace, sending Annette forward with my brother to the fortress, Philip was seen at a distance pursuing us, my men would have killed him; but I gave positive orders he should not be hurt. Such, however, was the fury with which that faithful servant attacked our rear, that in the moment of anger, and, indeed in self defence, four of them drew their swords, when Philip, after performing such heroic feats as challenge competition, fell from his horse, weakened by loss of blood. He was conveyed to that habitation, whence he rushed forth to Marguarite's assistance. I took every care that he should be duly attended; but the good man's heart would soon have broken: he languished, and in spite of my best wishes, and proffered friendship, was bending his ------ towards a better world. Nothing

could have raised him from the bed of despondency, but the voice of distress."

Pierre now returned: he was accompanied by Philip, whose head and remaining arm were swathed in bandages. The old man's eye seemed to renew it's fire as he beheld the lovely Annette; who, darting forward as she saw him approach, threw herself before him and embraced his knees. The veteran dropt a tear on her up-lifted countenance, and, raising her from the position she had assumed, fondled her to his heart.

"My honoured master yet lives," said he; "God be praised!"

"Yes, Philip," answered the Count, "and hope yet to enjoy many a year, to reward your bravery and fidelity. Father Gregoire assures me that the Countess is out of danger, and——"

"The Countess!"

"Yes, Philip; my lady: the intended mistress of Annette—but now her sister."

"Why is not he we call Raymond, Count de St. Hilaire?"

"No, Philip;" said the Chevalier, "that is the Count; he is my brother. It was to him you should have delivered those letters: you meant well; but acted incautiously. Heaven has ordained all for the best: had my brother received those letters, I should have suffered; (for he could not have saved me from the just resentment of the world,) and that vile Dominican would have escaped the punishment which now awaits him."

The Dominican smiled contemptuously.

"Who dares to touch a hair of Anselmo's head?" said he, in a taunting, insolent manner.

Marguarite was enraged, and would again have attacked him, but for the interposition of Pierre and the Almoner, who restrained her rather forcibly. Paulina too threw her arms around her mother, and conjured her to forbear.

"Think you, Father," said the Chevalier, "that you can evade the sentence of the law? Can the murderer of Emanuel be pardoned?"

Marguarite was violently agitated at the mention of her lost brother; she retired to a seat to give vent to her tears, and sought consolation in the embrace of her amiable daughter.

"Who dares to violate the privileges of St. Gal?" replied the Dominican. "Know ye not, that it's votaries possess the power to crush such as have the audacity to molest them? Who is to prove that I stabbed Emanuel? or who is there bold enough to declare it? But, why do I suffer this detention? release me from this bondage, or—"

"Patience, Father, patience: it is fit you be relieved.—I know the power of St. Gal; and I foresee, that, notwithstanding all your crimes, the dread of retaliation will cause your accusers to tremble, and to hold aloof. Yes, Father, all this I know: my generous

brother will forget his wrongs—the injured Marguarite will pine in sorrow—the lovely Paulina will check the zeal of Pierre, and the pious Gregoire would blush to see a priest condemned for murder! Yes, Anselmo, you may well triumph; but, recollect, there is yet a tribunal before which your offences will be tried: recollect, I say, there is yet on earth *one* man who has resolved upon your death."

"*My* death!—who dares to harbour such a thought?"

"Approach, Anselmo, and I will whisper the name of him who seeks your life."

Anselmo appeared surprised; and, notwithstanding his assumed hauteur, was evidently alarmed: he stooped forward to receive the unwelcome information; when the Chevalier, raising himself in the bed, as though to whisper in his ear, drew a poniard from his vest, and stabbed the Dominican to the heart.

Anselmo expired without a groan!

"'Tis done," said the Chevalier triumphantly, "and St. Gal may now defend it's idol. Canonize him, and raise a shrine to the Holy Father, St. Anselmo!"

The Chevalier sank on his pillow; he appeared to be in an extacy of delight: holding forth one hand to the Count, who was now supported on the side of the bed by Pierre and Paulina, he commended them to his favour and protection. Turning to Father Gregoire, he offered his other hand; requesting that Marguarite might be again received into the convent of St. Dennis.

The pious Almoner, perceiving the Chevalier was at the last extremity, hastened to administer the extreme unction; which ceremony was scarcely performed, before the unfortunate chief, casting around his eyes, as though to enjoy the termination of his sins, as well as the forgiveness of those whom he had injured, eagerly grasping the hands of the Count and the Almoner, succumbed in silence to that inevitable fate

which preys on mortality, and liberates the spirit from the flesh.

The whole party were affected in the extreme: they retired to the great hall, where, in a short time, the arrivals of various gentlemen were announced. St. Julien, hearing by an express sent off by Robert, that the place was taken, and that the Count was living, had instantly caused the Countess and Doctor Lorrain to accompany him in the coach to Walstat, arriving there in little more than three hours; whence, leaving his sister under charge of the Doctor, he rode on horseback to the fortress. Nothing could exceed the joy which pervaded the minds of these friends.

It appeared, that, after lodging the Dominican under a guard in the camp, Marguarite had dispatched a courier separately to Father Gregoire, who received the summons after he had retired to rest. He instantly quitted Geselbach, desiring Avril not to disturb the rest of the family, but to

inform them in the morning of the cause of his departure.

The Almoner had travelled during the greater part of that night, and had arrived in time to see Paulina and Marguarite at Pierre's tent, before the sally was made from the garrison. At that moment he retreated with Paulina, under the escort of Philip, who would willingly, had his strength allowed, have rushed among the banditti. So soon as they were defeated, he accompanied Paulina, and the Almoner, to the head of the line, and aided in guarding the Dominican, who had, during the engagement, been left chained to a tree. Marguarite had concerted the whole plan of attack with Pierre, whom she left to conduct the main body to that outlet whence they had formerly escaped with Doctor and Madame Vaison; while she herself led a division into the fortress, through that intricate passage from which the sally had been made. It had been previously settled,

that she should remain unknown; and, that the Dominican, Father Gregoire, and Paulina, should appear, according to preconcerted signals, whenever it might appear necessary.

While waiting in the chamber adjoining to the bath, the Agnus that was suspended from the neck of Father Gregoire had accidentally slipt out from its place of concealment, and met the eye of Paulina. The poor girl was in extacy; she suddenly knelt down; and, after repeating a fervent prayer to the Virgin, kissed the well known type of innocence with eager agitation. Father Gregoire completed her joy by presenting her with the object of her regard; and before he ascended the stairs, when summoned by the appropriate signal, threw his mantle over her head, in order that she might not be too suddenly recognized by that parent, from whom she had been concealed during ten years by the Dominican, who thus kept the means of future aggran-

dizement within his own power; but whose fluctuations of vice, weakness, and timidity, had, happily, been the means of placing her under the Count's protection. He was the sport of contrary passions: at one time ambition swelled that heart, which was as speedily subdued by remorse, and apprehension.

Monsieur Vaison now arrived: he was from home, at Raperswil, when his brother wrote him from Lucerne, and hearing of the intention to attack the banditti, had posted to Walstat, that the besiegers might avail themselves of his ample knowledge of the caverns, in making their attacks: he, indeed, came too late to be of service, but had the gratification of finding, that his nephew Robert had been instrumental in the success of the enterprize.

On that same evening, the body of the Dominican was placed on the bier which had been used as a conveyance for his intended victim; while the remains of the Che-

valier were deposited in the coffin he had prepared for the Count. The former was sent to St. Gal; and the latter, under charge of the brave and faithful Philip, was conveyed in a solemn manner to Appenzel, whither the whole proceeded to attend its interment.

In the mean while, the fortress of Walstat was left in charge of the victors; and, being mined in various parts, was blown up and destroyed.

The Count caused the property of his late brother to be shared among those chiefly entitled thereto; and, after leaving a fund at Appenzel for the celebration of masses for the repose of the Chevalier's soul, accompanied St. Julien and Albert to Vienna.

The Almoner reconducted Marguarite to St. Dennis, attended by the two brothers, Vaison and Lorrain; also by Robert, Pierre, and Paulina: the two latter were, after a due interval of mourning, joined at the

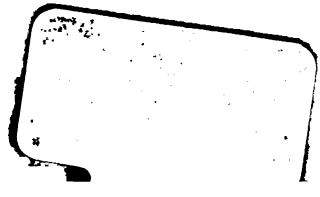
altar, and settled at Baden, near the worthy Vaison; whose lady was overjoyed, both at the deliverance of Paulina, and at the acquisition of so amiable an addition to their family.

The joy of Avril was unbounded, when he perceived that his master was no longer subject to the stratagems of the "*Domimikum.*" The good fellow was nearly frantic with exultation. Nor was he less pleased at finding that his mutilated companion had been completely exculpated from the several charges alleged against him. Ambrose was again taken into the Count's service, in consideration of the information he had given to Marguarite; though he had peremptorily refused to aid her in pursuing the crafty priest. The poor fellow was not to blame: nature had neglected to supply him with courage, while she had bestowed on him a superabundance of folly and superstition.

So soon as Philip and Annette had settled whatever related to the Chevalier's affairs,

by which the latter became possessed of a large property in ready money, they hired a vehicle, and proceeded by easy stages to Constance, where they were joyfully received by Jaqueline; who was delighted at their good fortune, but declined leaving her native place. She now explained, that the Aide-Major had offered Philip's letter at her house, but that she had declined receiving it, under the opinion that it came from some gallant of Annette's. Her behaviour towards Robert was likewise accounted for, by her having seen Pierre; who once called, while Annette was from home, but was denied admittance. The resemblance between the cousins was sufficiently strong to authorize a person advanced in years, as Jaqueline was, mistaking one for the other. Finding the old woman determined to remain at Constance, Philip supplied her with all she wanted; when, having arranged regarding an annuity he settled on her, and paid a mournful visit to the cemetery of

St. Bernard, he departed with Annette for Vienna; at which place they were welcomed with unbounded joy, and gratitude, by the Count's family; in which, for aught that is known to the contrary, they continue as inmates; assiduous to please their noble patrons, and universally respected and beloved.

FINIS.

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